THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Luck of Prohibition 571
Week by Week 572
Mainly about Ourselves 575
Places and Persons ..... Cuthbert Wright 577
Twilight in London ..... George C. Young 579
Women Who Work ..... Helen M. McCadden 580
Vindication (*verse*) ..... Eileen Duggan 582
Cardinal Pacelli Takes Office ..... Igino Giordani 583
Saint Bartholomew's ..... James J. Walsh 584
Old Orchard (*verse*) ..... Gerald Raftery 585
The White Pigeon ..... Gouverneur Paulding 586
Charles Follen McKim ..... Charles D. Maginnis 587
Communications 588
The Play and Screen ..... Richard Dana Skinner 590
To a Certain Lady (*verse*) ..... Sara Henderson Hay 591
Books ..... Leonid I. Strakhovsky, John L. Bazinet, Catherine Radziwill, Cornelius J. Connolly, Harry McGuire, J. J. Sweeney, George K. McCabe 591

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THE LUCK OF PROHIBITION

TO THE friends of prohibition we extend our sympathies. It was their most bitter luck that the Union League Club and, less discouragingly, the National Republican Club of New York City, should have gone on record for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment even as the drys were having their turn before the House Judiciary Committee. They had a right to a fair hearing, and a fair hearing in these so complex days means not only that the examiners should be open-minded, but that the press should be conveniently free of contradictory evidence for the time being. What happens before or after the hearing is not so important because what happens before can either be denied or explained away, and the testimony itself can be built up as a wall to overshadow or blot out what happens later. But it is dreadfully important that events of the moment are not too outrageously at variance with the testimony, otherwise the wall can never be built up. And in this case, unfortunately for the drys, somebody turned a hose into the mixing box just as the mortar was approaching its proper consistency.

What shall happen to the culprit? From various quarters have already been issued warnings of the danger to the Republican party implicit in the Union League poll and in the resolution of the National Republican Club. But we can see only phantom perils here. In the first place the opinions reflected are those of a very influential group of citizens. If they have turned the Union League Club against a policy of the Republican party for the first time in its history they have not done so without a thought of the political consequences involved. And it seems to us that eventually those consequences are almost certain to be of advantage to Republicanism. Immediately they will be of no harm, for where are the dissenters to turn? To the Democratic party? Hardly.

And what injury will be worked in half a dozen years? What political disaster would follow if the Republican party as a whole should announce its disapproval of dead-letter government, of legislation which cannot be executed except in defiance of the immediate, living wish of the people and in violation of the constitution? Observers of things American are seldom anywhere near agreement, for conditions vary greatly from state to state, often from county to county, but the one point on which they are almost unanimous at present is that except for the copy which it offers to the editorial and news columns, except for

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the small talk which it contributes to every dinner table, prohibition is treated exactly as though it did not exist. Is it necessary to repeat that everywhere there is a growing disinclination to coöperate with the federal government in enforcing prohibition, and that everywhere the brewing of beer, the pressing of wine, are developing into household arts? Is it necessary to repeat that the Eighteenth Amendment is already on the way toward nullification, if not in law, then in practice?

When prohibition goes, the party which fights its battles will be pulled down with it. Or perhaps, since neither of the major parties has shown much enthusiasm for the front-line work, it would be more accurate to say the party which permits itself to be associated with what we must here regard as the forces of error, will be hampered by that association. Now if the Republican party should be hankering to carry such a burden as the Democratic party carried after the Free-Silver campaign it will permit itself, by its silence, by its eloquent evasions when it is not silent, to be associated further in such a way. We do not think it wise. We do think it dangerous. Far from placing the party in jeopardy, we think the Union League and the National Republican Club have prepared for it a stronger and more easily fortified position.

Indeed the Republican party cannot much longer risk being branded as the party of prohibition. It may be unjust to brand it in that way; but fairly or unfairly it has acquired the title, the fact that it has been in power throughout the trial of prohibition being enough to identify it with prohibition. And if more were needed, the circumstances of the last presidential campaign committed it to the support of prohibition, anxious as it was to avoid such commitment. The advantage of this association with the drys was slight in 1928; it will be a very dubious advantage in 1932, and it will be a handicap in 1936.

WEEK BY WEEK

SEEN in retrospect, the career of William Howard Taft recalls personages from the early history of the nation. Since the days of Hamilton and Jefferson, no man has been so continuously in the federal service. Even the years which intervened between his Presidency and his accession to the Chief Justiceship Mr. Taft often placed at the beck and call of the government. His character invited respect and his geniality evoked the kind of popularity which is not dependent upon a title. The secret of his hold upon the public is, it may be, not hard to divine. He made conservatism attractive during an era when feelings ran pretty high in the civic climate. Believing in constitutionalism judiciously, he avoided conceptions of the state which embodied "mystical" elements. One remembers, for instance, the reasonableness of his attitude and speech during the war. In talking to soldiers at cantonments, he avoided the easy fury which wins a hand for the demagogue and nevertheless inculcated courage and purpose. We are sure that he aimed to exemplify this same reasonableness in his work as an executive and a judge. Doubtless he was occasionally too much of a literalist. But though he was not the man to lead the mind of the country, he did much to educate its temper and to teach it the value of poise. It would be hard to think of a better claim to friendly remembrance.

William Howard Taft

GERMANY has assented to the Young Plan and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht has resigned from the presidency of the Reichsbank. Both actions were inevitable. It is not so certain, however, that both have been definitely concluded. The Germans must realize, since they have their wits about them, that Dr. Schacht reorganized the national currency and supervised the national finances with a resolute skill any government in the world would value highly. It may, therefore, well be possible that future political circumstances in the Reich will reflect the shadow of the former bank president. The trend in Germany is to the right, which is no longer even chiefly a monarchistic right. Nor does this necessarily mean "political ambitions" of the kind frequently hinted at in many sections of the press. It seems to us improbable that a man of this stamp would go angling determinedly for the position now occupied by Von Hindenburg. The supposition that he may wish to take a lead in the formation of conservative public opinion in the Reichstag and outside seems more realistic. This is, at least, a credible explanation of his blunt hostility to the Young plan. We need to remember that Germany has underwritten this plan solely for reasons of expediency. And though it is not pleasant to think that those reasons will some day diminish in vigor, they nevertheless probably will.

What about Dr. Schacht?

PRIMO DE RIVERA is dead before his successor in the premiership of Spain has had an opportunity to prove whether or not the change was for the better. Perhaps in no other European nation could such a man as de Rivera have become dictator, which is not meant as a reflection on Spain. Certainly in no other nation would dictatorship have been so calmly assumed and so undramatically preserved. His six years in office were troubled by a shaky peseta and half a dozen near revolutions, but until the last year his ability to weather the storm was not seriously doubted. His security was partly due to the fact that the many factions in Spain which were opposed to him were also opposed to each other, but he never made the gravely false step which would have enabled them to unite. They found it hard to come to grips with this man; for one thing he was not anxious for personal or political vengeance, and this alone would have sweetened a record much less creditable than his. He was

De Rivera Dies

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not a brilliant success, certainly, but the answer to that may be that his job was not a heroic one. In the last analysis, his real task was to mark time, which he did with an admirable finesse; we think this ought to be considered in any critique of his career. Moreover the soul of Spain—the Catholic spirit—was expressed through him: love of country guided by the greater love of God, as was symbolized by the friar's habit which clothed the dictator on his funeral bier.

Impoverished Drys

THE recent announcement that the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society has gone into the hands of a receiver is a piece of news which probably will be interpreted in very diverse and even contradictory fashions. Some will say: "The nation being now one of total abstainers (by law) there is no further use for private or semi-public corporate action to fight the evils of drinking." Others may say: "Trying to make a whole people total abstainers by law has so manifestly failed that the total abstinence, and even the temperance societies are closing down in defeat." The further fact concerning the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society recorded by the Associated Press, that before applying for a receivership the society voted to transfer its funds of $15,000 to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, "as being the organization most nearly now carrying on the work for which the society was established," throws a revealing light upon the rather paradoxical situation existing among the opponents of Bacchus. Formerly the Total Abstinence Society "was for many years engaged in charitable work." That will now cease. The funds will go to the militant crusaders of the W.C.T.U., who perhaps even more than the Anti-saloon League are the driving force of the prohibition terrorism.

THE disappearance of the Total Abstinence Society of Massachusetts, however, has a particular interest for Catholics. As we recently pointed out in these columns, what has happened in Massachusetts has also happened among the Catholic crusaders for and followers of the personal practice of total abstinence. We do not now have in mind those Catholics who believe in and give their support to legalized national prohibition. We have in mind the tragic condition of the organized Catholic total abstinence movement, once so strong and flourishing, now wrecked and ruined. Sound and enduring principles guided and directed the Catholic total abstinence and temperance movements of the past. They did not become invalid because the national government happened to become the temporary instrument of an organized oligarchy of fanatics and sentimentalists. They need to be revived and put into active operation once more. It is good news that this is happening. Bishops and pastors in many parts of the country are taking the matter firmly in hand. The abuse of strong drink by those addicted to overindulgence, and the reckless drinking of boys and girls will certainly be firmly checked. The opposition against prohibition is only weakened by reckless or sinful drinking among its opponents. It will be immeasurably strengthened by reasonable restraint and sobriety among Catholics.

The Small Shall Be Great

THE ninth planet of the solar system, far beyond Neptune, has at last come within the field of Harvard's telescope at Flagstaff, Arizona. Its seclusion from human sight for thousands of years has been broken by the sheer force of human intellect—by the force, that is to say, which makes the mind of man far more imposing than the mysteries of the physical universe itself. The telescope—man's invention, and mathematics—man's power of abstraction, have combined to carry man once more beyond the limitations of his senses. But there is more than the drama of his conquering intellect to this latest achievement. There is also the ever-accelerating race between those things which annihilate space and those things which open up new spaces, as it were, beneath our feet. We tremble between two worlds, the world of vast distances bridged by the telescope, and the minute world of the atom in which, to our bewilderment, other and equally vast distances are being opened up by the microscope. It would seem that for every invention of man which brings the stars within our grasp, there is another invention to multiply space within the very palm of our hands—a sort of law of conservation of space by which we can never make the world outside seem smaller without having the world within seem larger. In a curious way, man's own powers seem to warn him of his need for humility, leading him on from discovery to discovery, only to multiply mysteries threefold each time he thinks he has reduced one of them to a commonplace. The astronomer may proclaim proudly that the telescope he invented has found the planet whose existence his mathematics had prophesied. Yet all his fine certitude of yesterday about the light waves which reveal that planet has vanished in a hundred new and unsolved mysteries about the atom and the very nature of light itself. The great mystery has become small—but the small mystery has become astoundingly great!

The Calvert Associates Protest

THE Bible lists a number of things which are inscrutable, too mysterious to be understood. The way of a ship in the sea, the way of a man with a maid, and other puzzles are named. There were no newspapers in the days of Moses and Solomon, but if there had been, undoubtedly the newspaper's way of performing its art and mystery would not have gone without comment. The writer of the present note has been a newspaperman—not merely a literary journalist but a daily newspaperman—for many years, yet he too is baffled in this matter. He can find no explanation for the fact that when The Calvert

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Associates sent to the press of New York the announcement of its seventh annual celebration of the establishment of religious liberty in America, the press almost unanimously omitted all reference to The Calvert Associates while giving full publicity to the partial list of the patrons and notable speakers who are coöperating with The Calvert Associates in the mass meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House on March 25, the two hundred and ninety-sixth anniversary of the landing of the Maryland pilgrims.

THE Calvert Associates were incorported eight years ago under the laws of the state of New York as a national membership society which is devoted to educational and patriotic purposes. One of its chief objects is to break down sectarian separation in all social and cultural activities intended to be for the common good of this nation. Its organ, The Commonweal, is not a commercial enterprise: it stands in the same relationship to The Calvert Associates as the National Geographic Magazine stands to the society publishing it, or as the Survey stands to the Survey Associates. Its membership comprises thousands of prominent people of many religious faiths, although the main membership is composed of well-known Catholics. The daily press of New York did not fail to name the Jewish Congress in connection with the demonstrations against religious persecution in Russia held by that organization. Previous celebrations of the founding of Maryland have been properly credited to The Calvert Associates. Yet this year our name was blue-pencilled by practically all the daily papers. If this were Senator Heflin's bailiwick, we could see a reason. But we see no shadow of a reason for denying us the notice which is essential to our public work and prestige. Will not the editors of our daily papers be kind enough to tell us why: for what good reasons, The Calvert Associates are considered to be different to the many other incorporated organizations engaged in public work of an educational, benevolent or cultural type?

WHETHER the cotton market has a bottom is a query few people would answer very categorically just now. But the effects of the slump in prices has started no end of discussion, some of which has a bearing upon basic political facts. Of particular interest, we think, is a pamphlet written by W. L. Clayton, a New York broker, and bearing the title, What Price Cotton? Beginning with the assertion that "the present system of cotton production is certainly the most inefficient of all our major industries," Mr. Clayton holds that the real problem is competition between producers working in a tariff-protected country and the "cheapest labor in the world." The cotton farmer, raising a crop which is partly designed for export sales, finds that the tariff does not protect him personally and that it "reduces the amount of dollar exchange that is available to consumers abroad for the purchase of his cotton." These truths Mr. Clayton deduces from financial statistics which have certainly not been doctored, however much allowance one may make for the traditional inconstancy of statistics. His conclusions are interesting: "If the price of maintaining the present position of this country in the world cotton trade is to be a submarginal standard of living for the cotton grower, then the price is too high, and it becomes our duty to point out the true situation to the grower and to urge the only course which appears open—substantially to reduce his cotton acreage and devote more of his time and attention to producing for himself those necessities of life which a political and economic maladjustment prevents him from acquiring through the normal process of exchange of his labor."

Cotton Unfleeced

FOR the second time the Senate has approved the increased rates on sugar and cement, which definitely kills the hope that the new tariff would not be out of all proportion to the country's basic needs, as these are generally understood. True the Senate rates represent something of a reduction from the schedules so generously endorsed by the House, but by the time a compromise has been reached it is safe to say that the high tariff interests will have obtained everything that they had hoped for, and a little more. We can now add one more example, the blackest yet, of how the welfare and desires of the people can be disregarded when the making of tariffs is a matter for politicians instead of a commission of experts to decide. A month ago the Senate coalition seemed to have the tariff situation well in hand; the Old Guard apparently had resigned itself to defeat, and we were all beginning to hope that the resulting bill would be somewhere within reason. The vote trading which has changed all this of course is a well-established political practice; the senators who abandoned their original positions as soon as the smell of pork came unmistakably to their nostrils were only doing what other senators have done before and will do again. To censure them would be unfair, and beside the point; we cannot expect them to act in any other way. Neither senators nor representatives are in a position to judge wisely and impersonally of tariff schedules; they should be relieved of the responsibility and the temptation that goes with it.

The Senate's Change of Heart

IN THE current Yale Review, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson comments incisively on the fact that "the public is now showing a desire to read, sometimes with wide approval, stories of war—stories of what we will agree to call the War." It may be that this capitalization of recent martial horrors implies a mistake in perspective, a failure to correlate rightly Verdun with Jena and the fall of Constantinople. But as we see it Europe was upside down after 1914 with unparalleled completeness and finality. "Humanity

The War as an Epic

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has struck its tents again," Mr. Tomlinson quotes from somebody, "and once more is on the march." Perhaps "something new in history" is really happening. Our author declares with evident vigor: "We know that the pomp and majesty of war, the sombre and throaty calls to national honor and great traditions, in the light of latter-day knowledge, are all as ugly and distressing as the thoroughly sincere fight for nuts in the zoölogical department where nuts are enjoyed." If that be true, our war literature may help us, if it is becomingly revealing. But the virtue of writing is light, not rhetoric. And looking about to see where this essential quality is manifest Mr. Tomlinson winnows pretense from sincerity in a fashion which hundreds of readers are sure to find interesting, if not authoritative.

NOW that reading of war records has become popular, critical scrutiny of those accumulated is to be expected. The first manful inquisitor appears in the person of a French professor, Jean Norton Cru, whose book reflects ten years of hard work performed in a spirit of duty. Here the chronicles of sergeants and generals, reporters and novels, are classified, compared and adjudged with a rigor worthy of a drill-master of marines. The results are to say the least disconcerting. Authenticity is, according to our critic, the rarest of literary virtues. But who will agree with M. Cru? Albert Thibaudet, the genial French critic, replies to this question with an interesting tale. Having reviewed the book, he pointed out that there was only one author about whom M. Cru permitted himself to remark: "I believe that he is authentically a poilu." But what was Thibaudet's surprise upon receipt of a letter from a veteran who had known the "authentic poilu" in question and who reported: "That remark is a bit exaggerated. X (the author in question) was the personification of the authentic non-combatant. During the whole war he was considered unfit for service, and was a field clerk whom I heard boast many times that he had never been nearer the front than Tarascon." So there you are. After all, what is authenticity? One is reminded of Defoe—whose tribe, since 1919, seems to have increased mightily.

Four-Stop Lights

AS ONE step in its program for better traffic control, New York City is reported to be considering a system whereby corner lights would show red in all four directions at certain intervals. It would cost $500,000 to install this system, but that is not an astonishing amount of money when New York is preparing to spend something like a billion a year to solve its traffic problems. Anyway our sentiments are for this plan whatever the cost; practical or impractical from the chauffeur's viewpoint, it is the first plan we have seen which recognizes the inalienable right of a pedestrian to cross the street. Another reason for our bias is that efforts to speed up auto traffic may as well be abandoned anyway. The difficulty of providing for the proper control of traffic in a city like New York is that congestion is always on the increase; a plan is hardly in operation before it is found inadequate. Narrow streets and the highest buildings in the world result in a confusion which cannot be relieved without knocking down the buildings or scattering them into what are now suburban districts; widening the streets or building them on several levels. Since New York is not prepared to do any of these things for fifty years, we think that hope for the speeding up of auto traffic should be forgotten, and the present years given over entirely to the convenience of the walker.

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES

RECENTLY we received a request which startled us. It was that we should contribute to a fund being raised for a literary undertaking of considerable merit. When we explained that we had no funds available for such a purpose, the applicant retorted, "But I understood that The Commonweal is abundantly endowed!" Promptly, emphatically, and most truthfully we answered that it was not. Investigation on our own part disclosed the fact that not only this individual, but others as well, held the belief that the work of publishing The Commonweal is supported by a permanent endowment.

We are relating this incident because it has occurred at a time when we feel it to be necessary to take our readers into our confidence on this very subject of our financial situation. Since our first number, when we quite frankly talked about our business affairs—in addition to our editorial hopes and plans—we have had very little to say about our office problems. We have consistently devoted our space to our task of reviewing as best we could the exciting and interesting times in which we live. We kept our own problems and difficulties out of our pages.

Privately, however, the case has been very different indeed. The constant stream of begging letters which has been going out from this office during the last two years probably challenges comparison, so far as their number and urgency are concerned, with the correspondence files of any begging agency in the land. The extent to which members of our staff have traveled hither and yon interviewing individuals and addressing groups to solicit funds to keep our work afloat, almost rivals the labors of the liberty bond salesmen during the war.

The matter of the success of these efforts, however, is quite another story. It is a story that it seems imperative that we should share with our readers in general. It is the reason why we formed The Commonweal Subscribers' Committee, and promoted its work in our advertising pages. It is a story already too familiar to a considerable number of our friends; but as it is a story the end of which, whether happy or disastrous, really depends as much upon them as upon us, it may be just as well to give at least a synopsis

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of the narrative, so far as it has run its course, before we continue (if indeed we are to be permitted to continue) with the new chapters. Anyhow, whatever the outcome is to be, we think the story is an interesting one. At the very outset of our work, one of its founders, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, said that it was not and never could be a business, in the commercial sense of that term, and that the only fitting description of our enterprise was to call it an adventure. He was right then, and he is still right.

During our first three years the hazards of the adventure were greatly lessened by the fact that the publication of The Commonweal for that period was guaranteed by a small group of patrons. At the end of the three years, our circulation had grown from something like fifteen hundred to fifteen thousand. Such a circulation, of course, did not suffice to make us self-supporting. Nevertheless, those interested in the enterprise determined to carry on with it; principally because in the most vital matter, namely, the attainment of literary success and far-reaching and powerful national influence on public opinion, The Commonweal had more than fulfilled the expectations of its founders and friends.

For more than two years the annual deficit has been met by the contributions of those who were its pledged patrons during the first three years, together with a few others whose interest was aroused. At no time, however, has The Commonweal been in possession of an endowment fund, or of sufficient capital to insure its publication for more than a few months ahead. At present our circulation is eighteen thousand paid-for copies. Ten thousand more subscribers would make The Commonweal self-supporting. We cannot, however, secure such a large number of new readers without a considerable expenditure of capital for various plans of promotion, such as advertising, the building up of the mailing list and other methods of proved effectiveness which require time, trained skill and capital. We are planning to hold a certain number of meetings in various places throughout the country, in order to raise some funds. We are also asking all our friends and readers who feel able to aid, to form committees in their own communities either to raise an outright contribution to the capital fund which we require, or to make an organized drive for new subscribers.

We are asking all who read this and who believe that The Commonweal is valuable enough and important enough to justify such an appeal, to communicate with this office immediately. Judging by our growth during five years, which has been steady and nation-wide, and by the further fact that our readers consistently renew their subscriptions, there are good reasons to believe that The Commonwal can eventually be made self-supporting—provided, however, that we are aided by our present subscribers.

Our readers should remember that The Commonweal is unlike other Catholic publications in that it has to expend a large part of its budget—almost half—on editorial and business salaries and the purchase of manuscripts from professional writers. Most Catholic periodicals of a literary kind are conducted by the clergy, who require no salary, or nothing but a minimum financial remuneration. A lay journal, however, in order to be really useful, must be in a position to command the best available literary talent and services, which must come for the most part from lay workers, who possess family and personal responsibilities, and who, therefore, must be paid as adequately as possible. If this is not done, there can be no such lay journal published, and the Catholic lay influence, in literature and journalism, must continue to be exercised only indirectly, haphazardly and ineffectively. If The Commonweal were able to dispense with salaries and payments for manuscripts, it would be self-supporting.

In addition to the capital urgently needed for the promotion of our circulation, we need funds to systematize and to develop one of the most important parts of our editorial work, a part which rarely becomes publicly apparent, but which is of vital value. This is the task of answering promptly and correctly the numerous inquiries concerning the Catholic Church which come to us from individuals, newspapers, book-publishers, non-Catholic clergymen and non-Catholic societies of many kinds, together with constant requests for active co-operation in educational and sociological movements in which Catholic participation is desirable. Without an efficient research and information department our perilously small editorial staff is badly handicapped in attempting to carry on this work in addition to its ordinary duties.

Humility and modesty are virtues which, when they are claimed by those who admit their value, at once seem to lose some of their true character. Nevertheless, there is a false modesty and a false humility as well as the authentic virtues themselves, and now when we are so frankly inviting our readers to obtain new readers for us, it would be foolish for us to refrain from reminding our friends of the fact that the testimony to the value of our work is not our own, but comes from those who have voluntarily testified, and in no uncertain terms. Our appeal has been consistently to the educated and therefore truly influential minority of our Catholic population, and to educated and influential non-Catholics who are interested in what Catholics have to say concerning matters of general concern. Such readers do not exist in masses, in any particular part of the country. They are distributed throughout all parts of the nation. They can only become aware of our existence slowly and gradually. But when brought together and united as in part they already have been by The Commonweal—and as their numbers grow, as they will grow if The Commonweal is permitted to carry on its work—this element will prove to be one of the most important factors tending toward that true welfare of the nation which is desired and sought after by all men and women of good-will, no matter what their religious affiliations may be.

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Places and Persons

VAUGIRARD

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

TOWARD the middle of the twelfth century, there existed, several miles from the Paris of Notre Dame, the Schoolmen and the crusade, a miserable hamlet frequented by a few vineyarders and herdsmen, and called Valboistron, the termination "boistron" signifying a stable. One imagines a landscape, half fanciful, half drearily realistic, such as may be found in the painting of Salvator Rosa and other primitive romantics—a dull, green plain broken here and there by tufts of bushes and bits of woodland, a few cattle ruminating under the declining day, a single shepherd with his dog. And with all that, something bare, rustic and soothing, the good simplicity of a countryside in proximity to the lordly, sordid and brutally procreating town, the feeling that a poor and meagre nature is better than none at all, that Demeter in rags is preferable to more meretricious divinities. So, at least, we are permitted to suppose, was the sentiment of Dom Gérard de Moret, O.S.B., mitred abbot of Saint Germain-des-Prés, when sometime in the autumn of 1258 he took a rural ride through the deserted district. As the prelate on his caparisoned mule returned slowly through the dusk of the lonely fields, his thoughts may have reverted to the great abbey which he ruled, a fortified city in itself, a hive of activity with its men-at-arms, notaries, valets, sacristans, choir boys chattering like sparrows. He who was vowed in a measure to the contemplation of the eternal, found himself at the head of a humming segment of time, a vast ecclesiastical and administrative machine, as preoccupied with real estate as with religion. With a sigh he said to himself, "I will build a house of retreat at Valboistron." Some time after this was accomplished, the paternal kindness of the prelate to the inhabitants of the village caused them to give it the name of its imposing guest; Valboistron became Val-Gérard, and by gradual transformation of the word, Vaugirard.

Thus Vaugirard is one of the oldest of the twenty odd villages which in the year 1859 were brusquely incorporated into the monstrous town. Yet with its history of eight centuries or more, it has always remained the symbol of an unsophisticated and real rusticity. There have always been, there will always be, localities of that sort, about which is maintained a legend of retrogression, a not unagreeable backwardness. Piron, the eighteenth-century humorist who was the delight of Dijon, has, in one of his amusing books, a whole collection of anecdotes at the expense of Dijon's little neighbor, Beaune. I, myself, as a boy was brought up in a place called Elizabeth (New Jersey) a close neighbor to the metropolis, and in my youth it was de rigeur to invent witticisms to illustrate the provinciality of Rahway, five miles away. But Vaugirard was for some seven hundred years the butt of all Paris. It was a tradition. We find it in Malherbe, in La Fontaine. "The wine from Vaugirard would make the goats dance," is one of the expressions attributed to the farmers of the former Valboistron, and though at first glance, this looks like a compliment, though it has a jovial, Witches' Sabbath savor to it, it has on reflection anything but a complimentary aspect. It was reserved, however, for a French sovereign of the sixteenth century, Francis I, to put the whole rural legend of Vaugirard in eight words. Francis was nothing if not Parisian; as kings go he may be called the first of the boulevardiers. Responding to his enemy, the Emperor Charles V, who had in an ultimatum displayed his innumerable titles—emperor of the Romans, king of Spain, archduke of Austria, etc.—Francis signed himself: François, roi de France et comte de Vaugirard.

The French Revolution which scattered the bones of Francis, of Saint Lambert of Vaugirard and so many other relics, sacred and profane, gave the village a new name. In 1793 it was called the Commune Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The Terror, as everyone knows, showed a special aptitude at once for sacrilegious destruction and for grotesque nomenclature. Thus the same demolisher of ancient churches, the same professional killer of helpless priests and women, might well have been adorned with the name of Brutus or Mucius Scaevola. We dislike to intrude one of those memories making for the dishonor of human nature in a study of this sort, but if the reader goes on foot to Vaugirard by the street of the same name (the longest in Paris) he will in a short time pass a sombre seventeenth-century church and establishment. They are those of the Carmelites, converted in 1792 into a prison, whose tragic garden, with its leprous walls and blasted trees, saw, on a Sunday in September, old men and youthful seminarians chased from corner to corner by the representatives of democracy armed with spikes and cleavers. No, the Revolution saw nothing incongruous in turning a pretty name like Vaugirard into the Commune Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Had not its original name been that of a Catholic priest?

Be that as it may, the philosopher of Ermenonville, who professed a taste for country sights and sounds, would have loved the village as it appeared toward the end of the eighteenth century—an isolated and bedraggled little world of its own at the other end of nowhere, with its windmills, its kitchen gardens, its quarries, and rustic taverns from which on Sunday afternoons issued the sound of fiddles and pipes. A

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few years later, when the detestable Revolution was a thing of the past, the gentle and slightly demented Gérard de Nerval should have loved it also. Yet the author of La Bohème Galante, one of the first Romantics, for whom the suburbs and outskirts of Paris presented a spectacle more exotic than the Malay peninsula to a modern, has no mention of the faubourg in any of his oddly captivating books. "Bohemia" in Gérard's time meant getting out of the town into the fresh country, with its novelty, its naive satisfactions, its unsophisticated vintages, its curious fairs, its eggs and milk, its pretty girls, its peace which is that of God. For the city man of the eighteenth century and since, "bohemia" meant the momentary adventure of returning to nature. It did not mean, as in our immediate epoch, the pleasure of imprisoning oneself in some smart and ignoble American speakeasy.

Before returning to the Vaugirard of the present, there is one more anecdote of its past which is worth recounting. It was in the era of the regency when all Paris, reacting from the discipline exacted by the old Louis XIV who had just died "like a saint and a hero," threw itself into the most violent pleasures, the most equivocal delights; it was the era of Cardinal DuBois and the Mississippi Bubble. The former Valboistron, we have stated, was nothing more nor less than an austere plain, a sort of savannah, a prairie, the sort of place apt to capture the imagination of a man like the abbot of Saint Germain as fit for solitude and retreat. But might it not have appealed to different spirits for very different motives? There was a tradition in the middle-ages that the evil one loved to haunt remote and savage places, that the prince of the powers of the air delighted to hover over empty plains and cling to abhorred hills. It would be interesting if the old saw, "the wine which makes the goats dance," had a secondary and wholly sinister significance. Thus, at all events, thought the regent himself, Philip of Orléans, whom Saint-Simon shows wandering in cloak and mask late at night about the empty quarries of Vaugirard. What did he seek in such a spot, at such an hour, the sceptical and frivolous ruler of France? Saint-Simon enlightens us.

> He omitted nothing, down to the silliest reading, to convince himself that there was no God, but he believed in Satan to the extent of hoping to see him in person some day. He took counsel of all sorts of fatuous people to arrive at this result, notably that of M. de Mirepoix, lieutenant in the Black Musketeers, and they passed whole nights together in the quarries of Vanves and Vaugirard in making invocations. . . . But the regent confessed to me that he had never seen or heard anything.

The cholera of 1832 at Paris created an enthusiasm for the countryside based upon reasons more practical than those of romance. It was to satisfy this new need that the omnibus called the "favorite" was created, and the name "favorite" was given to a Vaugirard street which happily still exists and which is, incontestibly, one of the most curious relics of the good old time left in modern Paris. The omnibus in question was of a new model, bearing itself high on its wheels but without a platform behind on which one could take the air, and it could hold fourteen people inside. It took its departure from the Porte St. Denis on the Grand Boulevard, a triumphal arch raised in honor of the German victories of Louis XIV, and after traversing the Seine by the Pont Neuf it arrived at Vaugirard by the long and noisy Rue des Sèvres in the general neighborhood of the present Parisian Greenwich Village, namely Montparnasse, while the carriages were stationed at night in the Rue des Favorites of the same quarter.

At present, one enters the Passage des Favorites by a sort of black hole in the wall so similar to other blind alleys that one might easily pass it without knowing that it forms the entrance to one of the most remarkable little streets in the world. For it is veritably the portal of another existence, and in going in, one leaves the Paris of 1930 a long way behind. It is the old Vaugirard, that of 1830 and before. It is a little hole of the province, one might almost imagine, the real countryside. Before one stretches a kind of rural lane, apparently unending, between blackened walls over which are thatched roofs and ancient trees. Domestic chickens and sardonic geese wander at will in the gutters, undisturbed by anything more alarming than an occasional wagon loaded with hay. These rustic sights and smells continue, multiply themselves, accumulate in one's surprised senses. One's head swims with the thought that this is actually a part of the same city which contains, at twenty minutes' distance, the Opéra and the Boulevard Haussmann, the too-odorous Levantines and Orientals of the Latin Quarter as "brought up to date" and the expatriates of Montparnesse.

As has been suggested, this quarter has always been relatively neglected, and long may it remain so. The deplorable demon of the "picturesque" has passed it by. Such desperate amateurs as Jean-Jacques and Gérard de Nerval have ignored it. The abbot of Saint Germain in the thirteenth century was its first and practically its last "discoverer." To be sure, certain gross industries have invaded it, and erected a sort of false Atlantis in brick and cement which serves to conceal the delicious alleys and backwaters whose general aspect I have attempted to describe. It is just as well like that. One infinitely prefers that such a region be exploited by gross industries than by the industrials of art. I prefer the aspect of a factory to that of a café in the style of Berlin. So far this lost corner, perhaps the last of its kind at Paris, has escaped the fate of old Montmartre, bound over hand and foot to bad painters, barmen with ambitions, unsexed bores, and rich tourists. If I had the pretension to believe that this little sketch would result in but the addition of one modern studio, one false auberge or one American bar to this unknown and exquisite quarter, I would tear it up forthwith.

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TWILIGHT IN LONDON

By GEORGE C. YOUNG

Such uncertainty prevails regarding the future of the London Conference as this article goes to press that any comment upon it must be tentative. We offer Mr. Young's comment as an analysis of the factors which have, thus far, interfered with progress toward disarmament. He sees one major difficulty in the circumstance that "the position of each of the parties is in each case very defensible." Here is the ground upon which the five cases rest. Mr. Young concludes, however, that the key to the situation is in the possession of the American government and its delegation.—The Editors.

BY THE time this is published the naval conference will have reached the turning-point after which it must either fail or else fulfil the high expectations excited by its promoters. And there seems some reason to fear lest these promoters in their concentration on the tactics of the war of position may have become oblivious to the necessity of reaching such objectives as the public can appreciate and approve. When Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Stimson announce that the result may be restriction and regulation of armaments instead of reduction and renunciation the public recognizes that this warning may be necessary tactics. But when they go on to assert that nevertheless the conference will be a public success it is alarmed. It knows it is not so and it does not see why they say so. For if this mountain in labor of princes, premiers, presidents and plenipos produces nothing more than a mousey agreement on augmented naval armaments for the next few years—why each people will see its own leader as a "wee cowering timorous beastie."

So far the only result on record—the abandonment of the abolition of submarines has been a disappointment for which no convention for the regulation of submarine war can compensate. Abolition would have meant a break in the technical tradition of competitive construction and in the technical training of crews that it would have taken a belligerent so long to make good as to render the recourse to this weapon in breach of its abolition hardly worth while. But, if a few submarines are in being, to add to their number and augment both their power and their ruthlessness is well worth evading or even defying humanitarian regulations, as was in fact done in the last war. However, that line of advance is now lost and it is no use weeping over spilt milk of human kindness.

As to the general position and its possibilities there are two difficulties. One is that the front has been so narrowed that there is no room for maneuver in avoidance of a deadlock between the last ditches in which everyone is digging themselves in. The Americans whose policy it is to widen the front and open out a new field for negotiation in terms of law—i.e., freedom of the seas so as to force the other parties out of their trenches in terms of war—i.e., command of the seas—do not seem able to do so. Their only leverage, the power of the purse in the menace of new construction of battleships and large cruisers, is hampered by their own pacifist public opinion and pacific official purpose. Even if they achieve an agreement as to the convention of a second conference to deal with this more fundamental disarmament it will not help the results of the present conference or recommend them to the public. The cart is before the horse and they are seated in the cart.

And this second difficulty is that the position of each of the parties—the last ditch in which their die-hards have dug themselves in—is in each case very defensible. The Americans are, in a sense, right in requiring that as they cannot have parity based on new principles of international law—i.e. freedom of the seas—they must have parity in practical weapons of war and must add to their own the equivalent of any actual advantage of the British. For it is obvious that the British though they have accepted the principle in technicalities of war, have not done so in terms of sea law. Since they still expect freedom of the seas which is based on parity in terms of sea law, the British on their side, are, in a sense, right in arguing that while Americans have security they themselves have it neither geographically, economically nor politically; and that, as the minority government of the most menaced community, which under the Covenant has accepted international responsibilities for the maintenance of sea law and the peace of the world, they must maintain a minimum of naval arms that amounts at present to a major armament. The French are, in a sense, right in demanding that, as British and Americans refuse them the guarantees of their sea frontiers given in respect of their land frontiers at Locarno, and granted generally at Versailles but later withdrawn again, they must in view of their present situation and past sufferings have such security by armaments as seems reasonable to them rather than the ratio imposed on them at Washington. While the Japanese have their own rather insular interests and ideas. Oddly enough only the Italians seem to be unreservedly "on the side of the angels" in supporting abolition of submarines, suspension of battleships and general reductions—and how they came there quite suddenly can only be inferred and is not solely attributable to confidence in peace. As for the Russians they and their absurd ideas of abolishing all warships larger than gunboats have been of course excluded.

Is there any solution—and if so what? One thing is clear, that if there is, it must be found out and forced through by the Americans. They alone have the power of the purse, of position and of purpose. It only remains to find such a policy as they can put

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through their own constitutional channels. The best opening seems to lie along the line of some undertaking to confer as to connected action in the case of circumstances likely to lead to a collision—an undertaking that would leave the constitutional control of the Senate unquestioned and would yet satisfy the British and French on the point of security. There is a precedent for this in the Washington treaty as to the Pacific. Why should it not be also applied to other specified seas? All the better if this undertaking can be implemented by agreement in advance as to measures for regulating warfare and revising sea law—in other words, for freedom of the seas. For that is the field in which Americans and the secondary naval powers can meet on common ground and into which the British in view of parity and the peace pact can scarcely refuse to follow them.

I believe I am responsible for the phrase adopted in America that this conference must operate "in faith, hope and parity." May I suggest another? That parity begins at home. That unless America is able to accept a parity in responsibility for maintaining the terms of peace at sea it cannot expect a parity in making these terms. America now has the power abroad to make a new peace of the sea if it has the power at home to do so.

WOMEN WHO WORK

By HELEN M. McCADDEN

FOR the strong prejudice which many men have against permitting, or admitting, that their wives earn wages, the restrictive idolization to which women in American have recently been subjected may well be held accountable. Foreigners continue to marvel, with some dread of contamination, at the devotion of the American male to his spouse. America is still, in comparison with other countries, the woman's paradise. The average American girl would be quite wary of wedding a continental. This high consideration for women has in the main worked powerfully and beneficially toward the improvement of conditions in factories and other establishments where potential mothers are employed. It has sometimes been in danger of overstepping bounds by protecting women to the restriction of their economic advantage and their growth in stamina and solidarity.

The recent bulletin of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, which brought this matter to a more prominent place in the news, represented a tremendous effort of statistical research. The authority of its numerical tabulations is beyond question. The pamphlet shows the sex distribution, and the age distribution by sex, of persons gainfully occupied, and the marital condition of women gainfully occupied, throughout the country. It also gives the family status and the family responsibility of working women, and the age groups of their children, in several representative cities. As an indication of certain facts, it is most valuable. Its only limitations as a picture of conditions—and the limitations must not be overlooked—are those notably inherent in statistics dealing with human beings. They can represent only a part of the pertinent cases, and a few of the conditioning details, and they are commonly restricted, as in this instance, to concrete external phenomena, making scant or no allowance for the nature of the various human subjects with whom they deal. The inadequacy of all statistics, especially in sociological study, lies in the need of interpreting them after their compilation. The mathematical trend in such data may be obvious; yet the causal and modifying factors and the valid conclusions must be sought diligently, and even then must not be pedestaled too everlastingly.

The tables in this latest, most complete United States bulletin on wage-earning women indicate several facts conclusively. First, they show that the number and the proportion of women gainfully occupied has increased since 1880, and that the percentage of married women employed shows a greater gain than that of single women. They also indicate that men's wages in industrial sections are often inadequate for the decent support of a moderate-sized family, and that the daughters in certain industrial regions give more liberally of their earnings than the sons toward family support. Then come long stretches of data detailing the marital condition of employed women, and the proportions having children between certain ages. The sixteenth tabulation lists the numbers and percentages of women of various occupations, such as "teachers in Minneapolis" and "women earning less than $18 in Arkansas," who contribute to dependents, and finds that the highest relative number of those having dependents is among the "industrial home workers in Wisconsin."

Once we venture beyond the simple facts portrayed by the statistics as outlined above, we must have with us a full background of industrial history and of changing domestic conditions before we can extract further conclusions from the given data. The inferences, direct or implied, that were drawn from them by the bulletin and that are readily read into them by the emotionally prejudiced, are that woman is now heroically accepting a ponderous burden of labor brought about by new economic selfishness, and that the man's responsibility is diminishing at the expense of woman. Coupled with these statements we may cite the oft-echoed complaints that woman is being taken out of her proper domain, and suffering under a gross inequality in wages.

But when we inquire into the past we must look hard

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and long for the roseate days when women did not labor, for the times when man produced and his mate adorned. In fact, in the perspective of what has been, it appears that the gentler sex in the United States of today has less of an automatic economic place in the world than her New England or Dakota grandmother.

In the most enlightened country of ancient days, the Greece of Pericles, the woman was a body-mate and a household drudge. Plato seemed as antisocially revolutionary in giving her a share in managing things as in advocating communism of property and wives. His love was of man for man, or of man for God. Even he, the boldest idealist of many centuries, could not conceive of an attraction of intellect, of soul, between man and woman.

In the colonial days, and down to the time when machinery and factories became prominent in American production, almost all the manufacturing in our country was done by women, with the help of the children of the family. Puritan New England, whose traditions of the surpassing virtue of industry were accentuated by the pressure of few hands and many tasks, made toil a paramount qualification for present comfort and respectability and a necessary evidence of election to future bliss. Women under this régime were not infrequently jailed for idleness. A busy childhood was esteemed above a happy one. This Puritan emphasis on economic virtue was readily transferred to an appreciation of material success, which now persists in our tendency to confuse goodness and greatness with financial achievement.

In the less rigorous South, also, it was early found that the Virginia settlers could not prosper without women. Hence a number of maids—"spares" from England—were imported to make homes, food, apparel and families for the men.

Everywhere in America, prior to 1850, woman did a great part of the labor now accomplished in factories. She cared for the household, supervised the servants and the children—even as she now does. She also cooked for the farm hands, made butter, cheese, tallow, candles and preserves, spun, wove, and made clothing for family consumption, and frequently found time to produce socks, bonnets and suits of clothing for sale, or to make thread or cloth for commission merchants, even as the workers in such "sweated" trades as dressmaking, button carding, and bead stringing do now. Her sisters who had remained in England were, at the same time, regularly hiring themselves out for mowing, reaping and hay-making, and thinking it nothing unusual. With all these tasks, the women of that busy period still found hours here and there for going to meeting, and for acting as improvised nurses when misfortune visited a neighbor.

Of course all but a negligible part of the work indicated above was performed in the home. But the American house of a century ago was not the idyllic log cabin nor the colonial mansion that the cinema would paint it. Women's work in those days was done in drafty, ill-ventilated, ill-heated, smoky dwellings, often very small, and almost always unbearable according to modern standards. To be sure, the open spaces were all around; yet the duties of the housewife kept her indoors, behind shut windows, for long hours; sometimes for days at a time, she left the home to go only as far as the barn; and the outdoors, especially to the pioneer wife, meant only an inclement contact with the elements after the relative coziness of her kitchen workshop.

Man, in the period of our history that seemed to be fading out about 1850, was in most cases still the producer of raw materials. He tilled the soil, kept the cattle and improved the premises. Because of the wide arable lands and the simplicity of civilization, agriculture was a profitable and imperative occupation, and the prevalent economic theory was that man should be left free to engage in it while the manufacturing was done by weaker hands. In the middle of the nineteenth century, it was disgraceful to be a male weaver.

Thus the labor of this country, less than a century ago, was clearly divided between the agricultural male and the manufacturing female, while the child was made to put both hands into the struggle as soon as he could. The woman who said, "I will," in those days was engaging herself to be not merely the lifelong consumer of a man's goods and the mother of his offspring, but the partner in his labor, contributing an equal or greater share to the support of the family. It is noteworthy that the latter idea of marital duties seems to be held yet by the natives. In a study of working conditions made in Philadelphia, most of the women who said they worked "to help husband"—as opposed to those who named only economic pressure —were foreign-born, coming from countries where the family is still the unit of production. This feeling of economic solidarity in the family, lacking in the native American, may partially explain the preference of the foreign-born for small retail establishments where a couple can alternate in serving customers while Bobby delivers.

When her duties, like spinning and weaving, moved away from the home under the inspiration of labor-saving machinery, she naturally left her home and followed her work. In America, as in England, the early manufacturing establishments employed chiefly women and children. Moralists widely lauded the new factories as offering employment to great numbers of girls and women, and as enabling small tots, whose size and inexperience formerly prevented them from engaging in useful labor, an opportunity to escape from the sin of idleness. There was still enough producing, however, in most households, to keep the married woman abundantly busy in spite of the diversion of parts of the cotton industry to other hands. Hence the proportion of married women engaged in profitable industry outside the home was necessarily small, to the financial detriment of many a home.

During the past few decades, as farming has come

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to demand fewer hands and as manufacturing has become more complex, man has been partially displacing woman in woman's age-old occupations. Moreover, because of the child-labor restrictions inherent in compulsory school-attendance laws, and because of the rising American standard of living, of which we are so proud, it has become increasingly difficult for parents to support large families until such time as the offspring ceases to be a heavy economic burden. This has resulted in a limitation of the size of families and therefore in even another lessening of the married woman's work.

Although we frequently hear that the employment of married women decreases the birth rate, the reverse is probably the true situation. Women seek employment because the birth rate is kept low by economic smallness of families, the shrinking of the size of the home, the day-long absence of their working husbands, the disappearance of all manufacture from the home, and the increasingly numerous and popular labor-savers for housewives, such as canned foods, patented cleaners, electric irons, more efficacious soaps, laundries, and such comparatively recent necessities as running water and gas stoves. Women who seek gainful occupation outside of the home do so because basically they realize that it is not a law of nature that man should chivalrously supply all the funds, do all the productive labor, while his life partner confines herself to personal service only.

We search in vain in the middle-class annals for footmarks of this far-lauded chivalry whose demise is so loudly lamented by the middle class. As in the noble origins of its name, chivalry has always been a leisure-class phenomenon, in a society where the possession of a useless, beautiful woman is an indubitable evidence of affluence. We find chivalry also in story-books, and in romantic youths whose allowances are ample. We should not degrade a pretty word by identifying it with the back-breaking efforts by which many American men seek to make parasites of their women by depriving them of responsibilities.

The lot of the American woman, even if she holds her job after marriage, is not necessarily difficult as compared with that of her feminine forbears. The notion that the entire family wage must come from the man is a comparatively recent one, and one which often multiplies out of all proportion the burden of the man. Since this notion is, however, prevalent in our America, we can easily understand why the son gives less in many cases to the paternal establishment than the daughter. It is Jack who must send chocolates to the daughter of some other family, must pay her way to the movies, must buy the ring, furnish the home, supply the funds for the trip to Niagara or New York, and ultimately pay the rent and try to build up a reserve against emergencies. The European custom of a dowry, like the European convention of a double-ring marriage ceremony, is becoming increasingly old-fashioned to us. The idea of joint responsibility in married life is but slowly filtering back to its former place in our social ideals.

Although some women work merely to escape the tedium of small-time housekeeping and of unwonted thrift, most working mothers are balancing better food and clothing for their child against uninterrupted personal care. They usually work outside of the home for the betterment of the family, just as they once worked in it. They leave the home for part of the day because they can spend some time to greater advantage elsewhere. They will be better off when the prejudice against public kindergartens for the very young goes the way of the old prejudice against high schools; when ideals of sanitation are more rigidly applied in factories; and when women improve the quality of their work and lengthen their tenure of positions so as to warrant greater consideration from even the most selfish employers.

It seems that since our age is one of concentrated production and ever-increasing demands in the living standard, women will continue to work outside the home even after marriage with sufficient steadiness to warrant their preparing themselves for an industrial existence of some duration. Unless the wages of the male laborer can be raised forcibly without a corresponding rise in prices, the woman wage-earner is probably not a temporary phenomenon, whose existence as such ceases at the bow of the prince charming. The world, and the race of man, have not yet reached the stage where the male, unaided, can produce wealth enough for two others beside himself.

Vindication

Spring, I hold up my hand for you.
Not that my hand avails.
I am little, unknown and lonely,
Against their mighty tales.

Spring, they have made you a pandar,
Shaming your lovely smart,
And your young, simple, naked winds
That linger on the heart.

Oh earth may wanton in blossom,
And call you go-between,
But I know that your brows are holy,
I swear your lips are clean.

If birds catch breath in their singing,
And eyes fly soft and glow,
If love-dust trembles on flowersills,
And even hares go slow,

It is but your goad of beauty,
Your taunt of lonely bloom,
Burning upright from your sandals
Even unto a doom.

You set the young earth dancing,
And when you spurn her lure,
She calls on the summer to slay you,
For that your eyes stay pure.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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CARDINAL PACELLI TAKES OFFICE

By IGINO GIORDANI

WHEN Cardinal Gasparri retired from the post of Secretary of State at the Vatican and took possession of the small villa presented to him by the Pope, his pupil, Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, began the direction of Papal foreign affairs with the purpose of continuing the enlightened diplomacy inaugurated by the retiring statesman "with a more modern and keen policy"—as a cardinal pointed out.

At that very moment, while Italian and Papal flags in Rome announced the first anniversary of the Lateran Treaty, the long visit paid by Turati, secretary-general of the Fascist party, to the Pope, followed next morning by dispositions in favor of a more Christian education for girls and boys, and the gift presented to the Pope by the royal government, stressed the closer relations between Church and state which started with the king's visit to the Vatican.

Cardinal Pacelli is the brother of Marquis Francis Pacelli, who negotiated the Lateran conventions with Mussolini.

It was shortly after Pacelli had secured the degree of doctor of civil and canon law at the pontifical school of Apollinaris in Rome and had started teaching canon law in the Roman seminary that Monsignor Gasparri brought him into the offices of the secretary of state. Pacelli, who had been ordained a priest in 1899, at the age of twenty-three, was named to the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, a section of the State Department.

The young diplomat moved upward rapidly in his field. He became known for a scrupulous care for details, and at the same time for a spirit of initiative, stimulated by an intelligent love of the Church and by a Christian vision of the world. Even today he is admired as a man who acts after reflection, as one with an acute sense of religious duty.

While acting as the secretary of Monsignor, afterward Cardinal, Gasparri, the young Pacelli collaborated with his teacher in the monumental work of the codification of canon law. He published what was considered a remarkable pamphlet on the subject. Pacelli was active in Papal affairs of state during the critical period of the separation of Church and state in France and at the time when the question of the French protectorate in the East was causing discussion. In 1914 he was appointed as a secretary of the Congregation by Pius X.

Benedict XV, who had known Pacelli in earlier days, commandeered him to preach peace during the most critical period of the world war, and named him nuncio to Munich, raising him to the post of archbishop of Sardis.

On that occasion the late Cardinal Gasquet said that Sardis was a see of very good auspices. The Holy Father himself consecrated the young prelate in the Sistine Chapel, May 3, 1917, and presented him with a golden cross, decorated with precious stones, together with a splendid edition of canon law.

When the nuncio presented his credentials in the royal palace of Ludwig III at Munich later in the same month, he characterized his own task, "in that sorrowful hour," as one of working toward "a true and durable peace" among nations on the basis of Christian wisdom. He said:

> To coöperate in this task of pacification is the mission entrusted to me by the Pontiff in this momentous period. The Pontiff is anxious above everything to urge the hour of peace so longed for, and meanwhile to diminish, through incessant efforts, the very sorrowful results of the war.

The nuncio's diplomacy, following the point of view of the Holy Father, identified itself with the Christian mission of bringing assistance in cases of distress, of exchanging prisoners, of finding dispersed soldiers, of securing the commutation of death sentences passed by military courts, of feeding thousands of persons.

Pacelli's meeting with Kaiser Wilhelm II, June 29, 1917, is famous also because of the inexactness with which the ex-emperor told of the event in his memoirs. The facts of the interview are to be found in the memoirs of Bethmann-Hollweg, then chancelor, which correspond with the nuncio's own version.

Bethmann-Hollweg explains that Monsignor Pacelli was charged with delivering a Papal letter to the emperor, and that for that reason "he came to Berlin." The chancelor then continues:

> In that letter the Pope recalled his own incessant efforts to induce the peoples to disperse the fratricidal arms, and he assured the emperor that his further efforts would be directed to putting an end to the immense disaster of the war.

Bethmann-Hollweg, who received a copy of the message, assured the nuncio, in a general way, of the desire of his government for peace. Urged by Monsignor Pacelli to speak more precisely, the chancelor said his government was ready to accept a limitation of armaments, the establishment of an international court of arbitration, the independence of Belgium and the modification of the frontier of Alsace and Lorraine in favor of France.

On June 19—the chancelor continues—the nuncio was received at the headquarters by the emperor, and

> he formally remonstrated against the deportation of Belgian workers. . . . The emperor gave him assurances. As for myself, a few days after I was obliged to resign.

We know that Pacelli

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> exhorted the emperor to do his best to put an end to so many evils, even if he were obliged in doing so to renounce some of Germany's aims. . . . The emperor expressed the opinion that the Holy Father should emanate a solemn act, directed not to the governments, but to the peoples, ordering a constant prayer and constant work toward peace.

In this way Pacelli himself recalls his conversation with Wilhelm during the period while the two were alone together.

This work of Christian pacification was continued after the war, during the most delicate period of the relations between Germany and the Allies, chiefly France. Then Pacelli became popular in Germany, and he induced even Berlin to ask for a nuncio. He himself, in June, 1920, became the Pope's first nuncio in Berlin.

Pacelli had understood, as few can, the German spirit and the necessities of Germany. The great success of his work—which although connected with politics, maintained itself in a religious sphere—was indicated by the joy with which Germany greeted the announcement of the nuncio's appointment, last December, as a cardinal. His elevation was in reward for thirteen years of effort, a work which included the negotiation of the Papal concordat with Bavaria and which came to its climax in the negotiation last year of the concordat with Prussia. Pius XI was right in saying that all Germany rejoiced in that. President Hindenburg expressed a similar view in his statement on the occasion of the nuncio's departure. He recalled Pacelli's work for peace and his coöperation in this work with Stresemann, and recognized "the noble conception Pacelli had of his office, his wise objectivity, his inflexible sense of justice, his generous humanity, his great love for his neighbor."

In an official document drawn up at the Fulda Congress, the German bishops recognized this success "which remains as an unforgettable memory and a very honorable monument."

Pacelli was accustomed to speak in the most correct German to the German people. His German speeches have been collected—as an especial honor—in a charming book by Ludwig Kaas (Berlin 1930).

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S

By JAMES J. WALSH

SAINT Bartholomew's Hospital, London, has announced a campaign for funds for its reconstruction. To stimulate interest, the history of the hospital is being broadcast for the information of prospective donors. Our generation has devoted itself whole-heartedly to the work of the reconstruction of hospitals and this makes the original foundation of these humanitarian institutions many centuries ago extremely interesting. The campaign for Saint Bartholomew's brings with it a revelation of the traditions of the old-time hospitals and is supplying the historical background for these mediaeval institutions. English-speaking people all over the world have a common heritage of traditions in this subject of meeting social needs which all of us should know something about. We are in the midst of a great hospital movement in this country by which in the past sixty years our hospitals have multiplied some fifty times—from less than one hundred and fifty to over seventy-five hundred. It would be hard for most of us to appreciate that there was a corresponding development of hospitals both in comparative number and in significance shortly after the time when Saint Bartholomew's Hospital was founded.

We have just come to realize that in spite of our immense hospital development, our hospitals in this country, so generously contributed to by a great many people, have very little place in them for what has been called the white-collar class—that is for those who are able to make a decent living for themselves and their families but who are quite unable to meet the expenses of hospital treatment when they are ill, because of the ever-mounting costs of hospital accommodation. Hospital equipment has become very expensive and patients must be asked to share the expense of its installation and upkeep in order that hospitals may not have a deficit. We have places for the poor in our hospitals, and now are beginning to provide luxurious quarters for the rich when they are ill, but when the lower middle class of people, because of injury or illness, must be kept in the hospital for any length of time, they are unable to foot the bill. At least if they do so, they must cut into their reserve so seriously that there will be but little or nothing left for the rainy days that almost inevitably come when other members of the household, in the critical emergencies of life so sure to develop, must have the advantage of hospital treatment in their turn.

It is rather hard for most people in our time to realize that our ancestors of the later middle-ages had to meet this problem and they proceeded to solve it very completely. Their solution is the basis for hospital action in our time. Saint Bartholomew's Hospital is one of the mediaeval institutions that provided for those who needed special care for illness or accident, and represented an enduring response to an important social question. The old hospital was founded by Rahere, the court jester. (Who knows, by the way, but that Will Rogers may endow a hospital when he parts with his money for good?)

Rahere had come to see the hollowness of life as lived for mere selfish purposes, had joined a religious

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order and then devoted himself to the erection and endowment of a hospital in which all those who needed care in the city of London were to be provided for. He was a very practical man, this naive jester, as ever so many of our vaudeville artists in the modern time are, so he proceeded to obtain a grant of land for hospital purposes from King Henry I just about the end of the first quarter of the twelfth century. Not long afterward from his own savings and from the contributions that he was able to obtain from friends, he was enabled to build the hospital and endow it. Thus came into existence Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, one of the four hospitals established in various parts of London by the middle of the thirteenth century and known as "royal hospitals" because they were under the special patronage of the king. When Henry I gave his great foundation charter to the royal hospital of Saint Bartholomew, he ordained that it should be "free from all earthly servitude and subjection." It was to be absolutely free to do its work for the poor without let or hindrance and without exactions or burdens of any kind. Henry vowed to maintain and defend it "even as my crown" and adjured "all my heirs and successors to confirm and defend its rights and privileges to perpetuity."

The three other London royal hospitals were Saint Mary's, Saint Thomas's (where the Nightingale nurses were trained) and Bethlehem Hospital, whose name was softened on the English tongue into Bedlam and afterward when it became a home exclusively for the insane contributed the word "bedlam" and its derivatives to our English speech. Of course these were not the first hospitals in England nor the only ones. Miss Clay, in The Mediaeval Hospitals in England, says:

> It will surprise many to learn that apart from monasteries and priories there existed upward of seven hundred and fifty such charitable institutions [hospitals and asylums] in mediaeval England. . . . The total population [of the country] was much smaller than that of London of the present day [but] the facts prove that clergy and laity were battling bravely with social work.

The bishop of London who wrote the preface to Miss Clay's work was astounded at the provision of care for the ailing which she had found to exist in the early middle-ages. With the thirteenth century there was an immense step forward in this direction. The English were only doing what other countries were accomplishing with equal success. Virchow, the great German pathologist, to whom the Prussian government entrusted the rebuilding of the hospital system in Berlin at the end of the nineteenth century, has told the story of the mediaeval hospitals in Germany. Scarcely a town of 5,000 inhabitants in Germany but had its hospital. He attributes their foundation to the incentive of the great Pope Innocent III. In his essay, Public Medicine and the History of Epidemics, he said:

> The beginning of the history of all of these German hospitals is connected with the name of that Pope who made the boldest and the farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church. . . . It must be recognized and admitted that it was reserved for the Roman Catholic Church and above all for Innocent III not only to open the bourse of Christian charity and mercy in all its fulness, but also to guide the life-giving stream into every branch of human life in an ordered manner. For this reason alone the interest in this man and in his time will never die out.

It might readily be thought that these mediaeval hospitals were utilitarian structures of little architectural significance. As a matter of fact, many of them were very beautiful, for they were built in a day when it was looked upon as a civic duty to make public buildings beautiful because they were the common property of the people. They were often surrounded by charming grounds, and this was true even for the leper hospitals, making these sad refuges very different from the sordid places of confinement they are usually considered to have been. They thought in terms of the human in the middle-ages, and their hospitals represented their thoughts in the highest degree.

Saint Bartholomew's or Saint Bat's or Bart's, as it is called in London, is one of the world's great hospitals. The recent Harvey celebration has broadened its fame, for Harvey was nearly thirty-five years the principal physician at Saint Bartholomew's. Undoubtedly many of his thoughts with regard to the circulation of the blood took form while he was engaged in his clinical work at Saint Bartholomew's and doubtless some of his experiments were planned there. Harvey lost half his consultant practice, as he tells us himself, for daring to declare that the blood went whirling around the body that way, for only progressive physicians would believe it.

To get the story of Saint Bartholomew's and its background is to understand more about the middle-ages and their wonderful social work for all classes. If any hospital in the world deserves recognition for its work, it is Saint Bartholomew's. It carries eight centuries of traditions and those traditions are worthy of what is best in human nature.

Old Orchard

The builders hammer nearer day by day.
The tentacles of streets
Stretch up their arms of red-raw clay.
The clanking shovel eats
The ground that raised so many crops of hay.
Nearer the hammer beats.

Old apple crops are shriveled up and gone,
Their heady liquor drunk;
The laughing drinkers, in oblivion;
Broad acres now have shrunk. . . .
It rings out like a knell, the ax upon
A wrinkled rusty trunk.

GERALD RAFTERY.

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THE WHITE PIGEON

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

ALICANTE is a small town with a harbor. Along the water-front runs a wide avenue shaded by palm trees. To the left of the docks and the shipping are the bathing establishments. Three piers run a hundred yards out over the shallow sea. You change your clothes in cabins on these piers and climb down a ladder from each cabin into the sea. At the end of each pier is a small restaurant and café where you sit and watch people swim. In summer, that is, for in winter, the waiter says, only vegetarians and foreigners swim. By foreigners he means the English. Both terms mean crazy people.

We sat on the terrace and watched the sun go down. Back of the town there was a cliff. On top of the cliff there was a fort. Back of that there were mountains, endless rows of mountains with between them a few plains here and there. And that was Spain. To our right were the docks and the smoke going up in the still air from a few tramp ships. A British ship was loading manganese. The cranes were working and as they dumped the manganese it made a yellow dust in the air. To the left the coast curved out to a lighthouse and they were testing the light although it was too early to turn it on. It gave two short flashes and one long and then it stopped for half a minute —then it gave them again. There was not a breath of wind: it was December: we sat out of doors in the sunset and watched the color change on the quiet sea. The water was transparent and you could see the bottom. Next to us some Spanish were throwing bits of bread to the fishes. You could see the fish clearly. They were big fish: they swam very fast. Some of the bread was in pieces too big for them. They would jab at the bread and it would bob. If one of them got hold of a piece too big to swallow the others would attack him and he would let it go. They swam swiftly up and down waiting for the bread to get soggy so that they could tear it to bits. At the end of the next pier there were no customers. Four waiters were playing cards at a table. A half-empty bottle of grenadine, on the shelf above them, occupied the attention of a solitary fly.

The papers those days were filled with shipwrecks and storms. Even the Bremen and the Berengaria were three or four days late. The Atlantic, the Channel and the Bay of Biscay were in a terrible state. Ships were calling for assistance, ships were disabled, ships that were badly loaded sank—and crews were lost. It seemed impossible and remote as we looked out on this water as quiet as any lake. Newspapers were extraordinary things. They tended to make no one place complete because they forced on one a certain consciousness of what was happening everywhere else. The Mediterranean here was peaceful but it was not the only sea. Long ago people who lived here thought it was and on an afternoon like this they could feel that the whole world was at peace. The newspapers had stopped that.

"Does it bother you a great deal?" said the Spanish priest who sat with us.

"No, it does not," I said.

"Yet clever people accuse us of making God in our own image," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean that we live by appearances," he said. "We pity what we actually see before us and not even that if we see it too often. A beggar on a lonely road but not the fifty beggars between here and your hotel. We love or we hate the people we know and they are a fraction of living people too small to express. By extension we have general loves and hatreds but they are as weak as ethics without religion. We all kill flies because they are so small we cannot imagine their suffering. Many of us would dislike to have to kill a chicken and you foreigners go pale when our bulls kill the horses in the arena. It is a matter of immediate visual repulsion. You want the old cab horses to die somewhere out of sight. Only"—he paused —"they do not die out of the sight of God."

For a moment the old priest looked straight out toward the sea. A ship had left the harbor. It was in ballast and you could see the propeller blades half way out of water turning slowly.

"That is why we have not made God in our image," he said. "God is omniscient and no man nor any conception of man could suffer what God knows or what he sees. Our pity goes for fragments of things, for the half of a story, for incidents. It is limited by what we see and we never look behind closed doors."

I had the sensation that something passed me in the air but it was out of my field of vision. I stood up and leaned on the rail and looked down at the water. I saw, floating directly beneath me, a white bird. It was very beautiful. I thought it was a gull. It had its white wings slightly extended on the water. It turned its head and looked at the pier. Then it was absolutely motionless.

"Look," I said, "that is more lovely than any swan."

"That," said the priest, "is a pigeon and it has fallen into the sea."

The Spanish who had been throwing bread to the fishes had seen it now and they shouted. The waiters playing cards on the other pier left their game and leaned over to watch. The café manager came out. We all leaned over the rail and watched the pigeon. The water was wetting its wings and it began to realize its danger. So did we. It started to beat its wings but they were wet and it could not rise. Yet by beating its wings against the water it began to move forward toward the other pier. The manager shouted orders. An attendant from the bathing establishment went into a locker room and came out running with a long pole and a round net at the end of it. He climbed over the rail and we held on to him as he reached out as far as he could. It was not far enough. The pole frightened the pigeon. It was aiming for the shore between the two piers. But its wings were getting heavier with the water and the distance was too great. Visibly the bird was beginning to tire. The white of the wings was losing color where the water soaked through. A man had a net now on the other pier. He was ducking under the rails that divided each cabin from the next and at the same time had to pass the long rod with the net along the outside of the balcony. He would duck under a rail, pass himself the rod, run a few steps, and then do it all over again. It was a queer sort of obstacle race. If the bird got beneath the pier and out of reach of the net it would drown. If it remained equally distant from the two piers no one could reach it and it would drown. We all shouted at the man on the other pier not to frighten it and let it get near. We cursed him for being slow. It was easy to see how he could have passed the rod with the net over his head and saved time. It was doubtful whether he would be able to intercept the bird before it disappeared beneath the pier. The pigeon now was desperately tired and its wings were heavy. It struggled at intervals and advanced. But when it rested you could see it sinking.

Finally the man on the other pier reached it with his net. He took it out of the net and held it by its wings. The pigeon

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did not struggle. Everyone was happy that the pigeon was safe. We had felt very sorry for that lovely white bird. We felt it would have been filthy to sit there and let it drown. But now the man with the net had saved it. We all talked at once.

"In another minute," someone said, "it would have drowned."

On the other pier the man who held the pigeon called across to our pier:

"Where did it come from?"

No one knew. The man with the pigeon shrugged his shoulders, looked appraisingly at the pigeon, shrugged his shoulders again, and grinned. Then he opened a door back of the restaurant and went inside.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," our waiter said.

We sat down again at our table. The sun had set and the sea had lost its color. It was dark now and the stars were out. The air was cool and calm.

"Consider the story of the white pigeon," the old priest said.

CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

By CHARLES D. MAGINNIS

A COMPETENT authority has chosen a dramatic moment in the evolution of American architecture to measure the accomplishment of Charles Follen McKim. (Life and Times of Charles Follen McKim, by Charles Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, $6.00.) This is an event of no ordinary significance. The twenty years which have elapsed since the death of the distinguished architect have favored the biographic perspective, but they have witnessed as well an embarrassing twist in our artistic philosophy. The architecture of reminiscence which McKim carried in this country to aristocratic levels of dignity and refinement now finds itself confronted by a spirit of protest, of revolution. A less judicial biographer than the chairman of the National Fine Arts Commission might, in the face of gathering storm, have qualified the confidence of his estimates, but Mr. Moore rightly deducts nothing from the validity of the academic principle which wrought to such felicitous purpose. McKim belonged to his day. Whatever modes and manners may impend, they cannot impair the significance of his contribution to American architectural history. Later criticism, without denying its objective beauty, will doubtless dismiss it as episodic. Such is the inevitable tragedy of artistic creation.

The title of McKim, Mead and White connoted such a variety of contributing talents as to discourage the invidiousness of the biographer. Mr. Moore, however, has sharpened the attributions deftly so as to detach the figure of McKim into convincing symmetry. He is revealed as the creative genius of the group—the austerely classic spirit which accounts for the Boston Public Library.

White's was the opulent imagination which lavished itself on the Madison Square Garden—Mead, it would appear, symbolized more than the function he claimed for himself, on playful challenge, of "keeping the other two chaps from making damn fools of themselves." And there was the modest anonymity of Wells, who refused a copartnership with the disconcerting comment that "he did not want his name mixed up with such stuff."

The Richardsonian epoch had already begun when McKim returned from his European studies "with a trunk filled with sketches of chateaux, round towers and pepper-pot extinguishers." He became draughtsman to the robustious protagonist of the Romanesque at the moment when the Episcopalians of Boston were being lured to forsake Canterbury for Saint Giles and Salamanca. Trinity Church did not, however, represent the type of romance which could long engage the delicate artistic sympathies of McKim. The brief association was influential none the less; it brought him into contact with St. Gaudens, LaFarge, Frank Millet and others of that brilliant group of the allied arts, whose collaboration he was later to enlist so responsibly in his own enterprises. It was during a momentous visit to New England soon after that the reticence and ordered simplicity of the colonial work of Bulfinch renewed in him the early sensibility of his temperament to Rome of the Renaissance. Henceforth, he devoted himself unwaveringly to the exploitation of the classical ideal in design. From that devotion proceeded the most effective single influence which has ever been exerted upon our secular taste. Its immediate effect was to stem the flood of sentimental illiteracy which was sweeping the land in awful travesty of Richardson. From that time forward, the fine hand of McKim was unmistakable. His product was stamped with a distinguished hall-mark by the qualities of sound proportion, of elegance, of impeccable taste. He made no effort for originality, but he dealt fastidiously with his historical material.

He made ingenuous acknowledgment of his veneration of Bramante, nor did he question the relevance of Bramante to the American scene. His dependence on tradition was not apish, however. If he borrowed from the great treasure of the ages, he paid a generous interest. He never abused his precedents, but added new meanings and graces to them always. None but a master could have leaned so heavily upon history without inviting the stigma of archaeology. Perhaps his art had some of the faults of its virtues. It was occasionally overabstract in its subordination of function to monumentality. One gathers from the realistic criticism behind the walls of the Boston Library that the grave composure with which it confronts Copley Square was not achieved without some violence to the anatomy. In the daring simplicity of its motive, the design makes none too large an acknowledgment of the subtleness of modern library administration. The Boston populace submits complacently, however, to the exactions of the classical idea for the library remains the proud building of the city.

But the largest opportunity for the play of this principle came to McKim when with Burnham, Olmsted and St. Gaudens, he was entrusted by the Senate with the preparation of a plan for the development of the city of Washington. The sustained study of this group of designers brought a new vitality to the plan and a flexibility which now admitted the free expansion of the modern city, without impinging on the monumental symbols of government. To assure the integrity of the plan the Fine Arts Commission came into being, and on this McKim served for many years under the chairmanship of his present friendly biographer.

An absorbing passion of the distinguished architect's later years was the creation and development of the American Academy at Rome, where in the atmosphere of the great masters American youth might receive the richest cultivation in the allied arts. For this he wrought singlehanded in a fine frenzy of patriotism and lived to see it in successful life.

The Morgan Library, the University Club, the Pennsylvania Terminal, will pass away in the fugitiveness of civic enterprise, but the American Academy at Rome as an educational influence will be an enduring memorial.

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COMMUNICATIONS

BRETHREN IN THE LORD

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—A few weeks ago a Russian priest, Father Chubaroff, of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, wrote in the Communications department of The Commonweal a very significant letter. He asked for prayers from the whole Roman Catholic world for the people of the Orthodox or Eastern Churches for union. Such an intention of prayers has been the desire of the Holy Father and is expressed in his encyclical, Rerum Orientalium. Father Chubaroff seemed like an echoing voice from that state where a hero-priest, a Russian and a former prince, a convert from Orthodoxy, had struggled to keep the Catholic faith in the sparse Catholic colonies of Pennsylvania in the early days of the Church there. (See article, Prince and Priest, by Ella Flick. The Catholic World, July, 1929.)

Americans should not forget the life and sacrifice of this splendid Russian nobleman, Dimetrius Gallitzen, in listening at the present time to that ringing appeal from the Vatican, "that all Christendom join in a ceremony imploring Divine intervention in the persecution of Christians by Bolshevisks."

This atheistic campaign has not been a thing of recent experience, but the world seems only just now awakening to it: this antireligious offensive has been going on for ten complete years in the heart of Russia.

Specific, actual instances are the only facts that are readily believed. I cite an instance of a family actually persecuted for their faith.

Many of her friends, both English and American, who had heard the young Countess Elisabetta H—— tell how her father who had endowed monasteries, had given generously to the poor, who had lived like a saint—thought she was exaggerating when she said he had died a holy martyr's death, for he was put in prison, starved and done away with by the Bolsheveki because he would not give up his religion. Her two brothers had been slain before her mother's eyes, and for what reason? she would ask, her eyes full of tears. They were young, fifteen and eighteen; they had never harmed anyone. She and her mother and her sister escaped in disguise going from one place to another when they could get work teaching languages. I met the Countess when she was working in a small dress shop in a little French town: she was then the sole support of her mother who was ill and prematurely old. She showed me one day a letter she had just received from a young friend in Moscow where he still had to live and he told her of the indignity he had been forced to suffer by being obliged to witness a theatrical performance, indecent and revolting. That was nearly three years ago. One knows now the seriousness of the situation which the Holy Father is denouncing: "The organizers of the atheist campaign and authors of the antireligious offensive wish, above all, to pervert youth, taking advantage of its ingenuousness and ignorance."

If we of the great western body, pride ourselves on our tolerance and our great catholicity why can we not be generous in trying to understand the soul of these eastern peoples in learning to love their virtues, forgetting to overemphasize their shortcomings, and give them the understanding and sympathy that their heroism now deserves?

A great many Americans—and others—have been fooled by the wrong kind of Russian, the so-called Russian nobility who wallow in comfort, a variety who pose as ci-devant aristocracy whom one often finds as gigolos on the Riveria, and as various public adventurers who use bogus titles as a claim for publicity. But the genuine Russian aristocrat, in nine cases out of ten, is absolutely ruined, obliged to earn a living as best he can, living quietly, unostentatiously, foregoing all titles and degrees.

It may prove of interest to quote from a letter just received from a Russian exile living in England, which gives an insight into the true Russian soul—not the Russian of the dramatist as we know Russia here in America nor the Russian of a propagandist literature: "Our task is by no means an easy one; we are merely sowing with tears what we pray and hope others will some day reap with joy. It is only within one fold that—according to us—Russia will find salvation. Verily, it is in our wretched country that we see the men with the seal of the beast. The apathy of the so-called Christian world is inexplicable. It would be fine to call a crusade for the menace is great. Yet one after another the so-called Christian countries are opening the doors to the enemy. It is to the credit of the United States that they never shook hands with murder."

Fourteen days after this letter was written the Holy Father in the issue of Osservatore Romano of February 8, announced his intention of a crusade of prayer beginning March 19 and stated furthermore: "If the suggestion [demanding freedom of religious worship and respect for church property as a condition for diplomatic recognition of Soviet Russia at the Genoa conference, 1922] had been accepted many evils would have been spared Russia and the whole world."

CECILIA MARY YOUNG.

A CLOUD FROM CANADA

Madison, Wis.

TO the Editor:—As a Canadian I was interested in reading an article in The Commonweal of March 5 entitled A Cloud from Canada. The road to prosperity, which your contributor outlined, seems to be founded on a quicksand of economic fallacies.

The argument of Mr. Seitz is that the provincial income of the province of Quebec was insufficient to support certain necessary developments but that the government found that if the people were encouraged to consume liquor upon which a heavy tax is levied the provincial income is at once greatly increased. It also seems that a danger of "cash flowing ever away" is avoided. Let us examine these suggestive premises. The veriest tyro in economic study knows that taxes are secured from the incomes of the taxpayers, i.e., the people of Quebec. How did they increase their incomes by consuming alcoholic beverages? It was, of course, easy to levy a tax upon goods but the same result could have been secured by taxes on other goods or even directly upon the incomes of the people.

The reduction in liquor importations, implied by Mr. Seitz, is false. In 1922 Canada imported liquors to the value of $24,500,000 and in 1929 to the value of $48,800,000. I am quite willing to allow the difference to be attributed to the appetites of American tourists but this leaves the same drain as before.

Now to the problem of the United States which "cannot endure eternally the economic drain" of the tourists' expenditures in Canada and other foreign countries. As a Canadian I had rather hoped that our visitors came for purposes other than the purchase of liquor. But be that as it may. Let us look at the figures in the case.

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Tourist Expenditures

American expenditures in Canada.....	$240,000,000
Canadian expenditures in the United States..	$ 90,000,000
per capita United States.....	$2.00
per capita Canada	$9.00

If Americans go to Canada solely for the purpose of defeating the Eighteenth Amendment why do Canadians come here? And if a per capita trade of $2.00 is going to ruin the United States how is Canada going to survive with a trade of $9.00?

A. S. WHITELEY.

TO the Editor:—In his article, A Cloud from Canada, in the issue of March 5, Mr. Seitz rather overstresses the economic factors which compelled the Quebec and Ontario governments to repeal their dry laws and substitute therefor a government control system. In my opinion the overstressing of the economic motive rather distorts the picture. Other factors were responsible and these are exactly the factors which will compel our federal government sooner or later to repeal the Volstead Act and to submit the question of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states. Failing this formal step, the people will soon nullify the iniquitous and meddlesome legislation by ignoring it.

It is interesting to note that Prime Minister McKenzie King proposes to submit a bill to the present session of the Canadian Parliament having for its purpose the refusing of clearance papers to any shipmaster suspected of smuggling liquor into the United States from Canada. If he succeeds, he will have "digged" his political grave. What a talking point this would make in the forthcoming federal election! This bill manifests a rather fine gesture in international amity and accord, but it is nevertheless quixotic. According to press reports, it will mean a loss in revenue to the dominion government amounting to something like $20,000,000 annually.

ANTHONY TRABOULSEE.

THE FLOOD

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—A hit! a very palpable hit! You have caught me neatly. But I had my information on high authority—as I supposed. As my janitor puts it—"you can't trust nobody nowadays." Why, you have even misquoted the title of our publication!

ALLEN JOHNSON.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I should like to express my sympathies with Mr. Allen Johnson who, at the dinner to the editors of the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences told as new a story about the Flood that is quite as old as the Flood.

Perhaps some Catholic friend did narrate it to him as an incident in the making of the Catholic Encyclopedia: if so, my sympathies to the Catholic friend.

When twenty-five years ago we began the compilation of the Catholic Encyclopedia, the story was common property among encyclopedists, but they were never so unwary as to attribute it specifically to the editors of any encyclopedic work.

So that Mr. Allen Johnson may be more wary in future of some of his good Catholic friends, the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia did not cross-reference Deluge to Flood; nor did they cross-reference Flood to Noah; nor yet again, as the classical story runs, did they cross-reference Noah to Zoölogy. On the contrary, before the title Deluge was to be written the editors had an article on Antediluvians, and another on Ark of Noah. Deluge is treated in its proper alphabetical order, and the Flood is cross-referenced to Deluge. Noah is treated in its place, under Noe.

Is it not surprising that the editor of an Encyclopedia of American Biography should not have heard this story, at least fifty years ago? And is it not more surprising still that he should not have thought of verifying its rehearsal by his good Catholic friend by examining an Encyclopedia?

For Mr. Johnson's further information, let me assure him that although modernism was rampant at the time of the publication of the Encyclopedia, the editors never thought of sidestepping any critical question but faced every one of them fearlessly as it came up for treatment, knowing that their collaborators were in every instance scholars, sane and scientific.

REV. JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

INSOLVENT AUSTRIA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—On February 12 you published an article headed Insolvent Austria. Upon reading the article I could find nothing therein that would justify this heading. True, at the recent Hague conference Austria was freed from the obligation to pay reparations largely because even her former adversaries realized the impossibility of collecting an unlimited political debt which had been forced upon her by the peace treaty over the protest that its payment would always be impossible. Neither shall it be denied that Austria's economic and financial struggle is still going on as it could not be otherwise considering the situation in which the war and the Treaty of St. Germain left her.

It is equally true, however, that Austria's budget has been balanced for years, that every cent required for interest and sinking fund for outstanding Austrian loans is being paid. The article in your magazine mentions that "a second national loan has been decided upon for purely productive purposes amounting to $100,000,000 for the extension and improvements of railroads, postal and telegraph service." Does this indicate Austria's insolvency? I hope that for the sake of fairness you will publish these lines.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Austrian Consul.

"DRANG NOCH OSTEN"

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—I have read with great interest in The Commonweal of January 15, 1930, Professor Boyd-Carpenter's reply to my criticism. Professor Boyd-Carpenter's original statement which I criticized was in the main that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina through Austria, was motivated by the German "Drang nach Osten." My contention is that Austria was forced to this procedure by circumstances over which she had no control; that the annexation amounted to a change in legal status only and that the only other alternative would have been to give back to Turkey these provinces which she had administered for thirty years efficiently and justly. I fail to see how the documents published in Professor Boyd-Carpenter's reply can substantiate his statement or disprove mine.

Unfortunately I have been unable to see Professor Boyd-Carpenter's other documents.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Mrs. Fiske in The Rivals

EVERY now and then—but not too often—it is pleasant to slip back into the artificialities and the conventions of the period of Sheridan, to listen to discreetly rounded periods, to watch obvious human types neatly packaged and labeled, ready to trot forth their stock emotions at the least cue. One gathers from such a play as The Rivals a rather restful sense of order and arrangement and of that surplus ease of life which makes minute detail important and the trivial incident all-engrossing.

But the experiment of watching this special aspect of another day must be made in a mood of surfeit with the current theatre, of organic discontent with a mental chaos which generally mistakes bluster for power and emotion for thinking. In such a mood Sheridan can be delightful. But fundamentally his mind was too thin to be able to pass down through the centuries as anything more than a relic of style sprinkled with a forced type of wit and a good deal of broad humor. He had little or nothing of the poet in his make-up. In the broadest or most artificial farce of Shakespeare there are always passages which are of the life breath of poetry—rich truths of the mind or heart caught up imperishably in a phrase. Behind the frail rigging of the comedy there is always the solid substance of a great mind at play among the foibles of humanity. Sheridan's works can boast no such mental substance nor poetic endowment. They are comedies of manners. The Rivals is one of the best of them, highly involved in its plots, counterplots and subplots, but following a perfectly intelligible pattern with adroit ease.

The present revival has a more than competent cast, with Mrs. Fiske as the undying Mrs. Malaprop, James T. Powers as Bob Acres, Margery Maude as Lydia Languish, Rollo Peters as Captain Jack Absolute, Pedro de Cordoba as the tortured Faulkland and John Craig as Sir Anthony. As a group they supply the old framework with considerable new paint and varnish, acting with the precision and certainty which only practised troupers can display, and entering into the mannered complexities of the situation with zest and good humor. But as usual in such revivals, the chief interest centers in individual performances rather than the ensemble.

For sheer excellence within a restricted frame, Pedro de Cordoba easily gives the most finished portrait. Clear-cut style is of the essence of a Sheridan comedy, and Mr. de Cordoba's excellent diction, explosive rantings in the first act and general command of niceties of gesture establish a standard all too rare in these days of sloppy naturalism. It is probably heresy to place Mrs. Fiske second in any play in which she appears, but it does not seem to me that her Mrs. Malaprop is one of her happiest rôles. In her timing of the fatal and notorious use of the wrong words, she is undoubtedly past mistress, but her nervous restlessness takes away much of the pompous dignity which can render Mrs. Malaprop the arch-type of all snobs. James T. Powers runs true to form in his Bob Acres. Mr. Powers is one of the best of the ancient line of clowns, but he never foregoes a chance to spread himself over the stage in the breadth of his farce. He is invariably amusing, but always incredible. John Craig makes the temper and fury of old Sir Anthony thoroughly alarming, but fails, as so many others in the cast, to give the clarity of outline required. This is especially true of Andrew Mack, who manages to make the colorful Sir Lucius O'Trigger rather drab, and adds to the difficulties of the occasion by being none too sure of his lines. Margery Maude, on the other hand, is duly demure and precise and hysterical by turns as Lydia, and is well aided at all times by Betty Linley as Julia Melville, and by the sprightly Georgette Cohan as Lucy, the intriguing maid. I can heartily recommend this revival for its general excellence and buoyant spirits, even though it lacks many of the crisp touches one especially looks for in a Sheridan play. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

Greta Garbo in Anna Christie

TO THOSE who are sceptical still of any true artistry appearing in so mechanical a medium as the talking screen, I can earnestly suggest a visit to the nearest theatre in which Greta Garbo is appearing under the auspices of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as Eugene O'Neill's heroine, Anna Christie. As an example of efficient sound recording, the film falls far below the standard established by several recent experiments such as Disraeli. But even with this handicap, Miss Garbo manages to make her début in a speaking part distinctly impressive. She has earned the right to be included among the really fine actresses of our day.

I have no way of knowing what Eugene O'Neill would say of the adaptation which has been made of his famous play in which Pauline Lord achieved her fame. But this much is certain, that not only does a considerable part of the O'Neill quality of dialogue break through the screen barriers, but there emerges as well an authentic atmosphere of the sea which could never be created in the four walls of a theatre. The famous coal barge in which Anna takes up her life after returning to her drunken father is not a static stage property, or something talked about, but a thing in life and motion. You see it being towed up the New England coast, in both fair weather and foul, you see it anchored in a choking fog, you see the rescue in which the sea coughs up that dynamic man who is destined to bring Anna to a new understanding of life and love. That "old davil sea," to which her father keeps referring as a sort of leading motif, becomes a very real protagonist.

The cast assisting Miss Garbo has been picked with amazing skill. The sailor is played by Charles Bickford, Anna's pathetic father by George F. Marion, and his drink-sodden companion by that grand old character-actress, Marie Dressler. Bickford brings a curious rough sensitiveness into his performance which has at times been lacking in his stage work. He seems to relish the greater freedom offered by the screen, and his voice, rich in this instance with Irish brogue, records splendidly. George Marion's Swedish father—of a line that has always followed the sea, hated it, loved it and found death in it—is a small masterpiece. Miss Dressler is, as always, supremely sure of her technique, merciless with herself in her swift characterization and highly effective.

But it is primarily the artistry of Greta Garbo, in her first efforts at English dialogue, that deserves the serious attention of drama lovers. The Garbo personality has long been an elusive puzzle to film critics. She is not, in the accepted sense, a beautiful woman. Her features are neither classic nor striking. Her upper lip is too long. Her forehead is distressingly high. Her movements are often sluggish to the point of awkwardness. Her moments of facial animation are rare. Yet even on the

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silent screen, she can arrest and hold attention with a single gesture. Behind the almost mask-like quality of her face one feels a burning intensity, not alone of feeling and emotion, but also of will and intellect—a sort of sullen superiority to her surroundings. She is the very opposite of the engaging or appealing personality so prevalent among screen heroines. Yet her very aloofness is like one of those blue flames, cold to the eye, and capable of burning through steel.

Her speaking voice, though none too well recorded in the present film, is low and gutteral, almost masculine in quality and utterly in keeping with her singular power. She has mastered the English idiom with surprising ease, allowing herself the privilege of a slight accent entirely logical in the part. But there are many foreign actresses who speak with an accent that is labored. Miss Garbo gives one the sense of being at home in English. She can vary the tempo of her words readily, with none of that slow and laborious mouthing which breaks all sense of illusion. Many of her phrases are whipped out as quickly as if English were her native tongue. In the long speech in which she dominates both men, holds them to unbroken silence, and confesses what her real life has been, she reaches a dramatic power which needs to ask no indulgence.

Above all, a speaking part adds noticeably to the rounded perfection of Miss Garbo's art. It breaks through the still mask which was her chief characteristic in the silent films, but this proves to be an advantage. It enables her to time gestures and facial expressions more accurately, to give them added distinctness and purpose, and to increase the impact of her occasional and rare moments of explosive action. Moreover, the relaxation which inevitably comes with spoken lines brings a new grace and charm to her lighter passages, adding to the varied pattern of her work without detracting from its essential quality of strong reserve.

It would have been hard, I imagine, to find a better vehicle for this first experiment in spoken drama than the part of Anna. Miss Garbo endows her with something quite different from the unremittingly drab quality always associated with Pauline Lord. Anna is a character that must be created from within, with both intellect and feeling, and Miss Garbo obviously brings both to the task in rich measure. There have been, and probably will be, many finer films from the technical and production aspects, but as an example of the authentic art which an actress of real ability can bring to the screen, this Anna Christie merits honest attention and spontaneous praise. The introduction of speech into the films has broken that barrier which once divided the two types of actors and actresses. Today we can make a legitimate comparison between Greta Garbo and, let us say, Pauline Lord or Lynn Fontanne or Alice Brady. There are still many differences in technique between screen and stage performances, but there is no longer the wide gulf which separated the art of sheer pantomime from the art of the spoken drama. (At the Capitol Theatre.)

To a Certain Lady

You'll bear watching
When your soul begins
Doing solemn penance
For its gay young sins—

Lest you wear a scarlet plume
On a grey nun's bonnet,
Or a haircloth shirt
With embroidery on it.

SARA HENDERSON HAY.

BOOKS

America and Russia

Two Frontiers, by John Gould Fletcher. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.00.

AT FIRST there seems to be no comparison whatsoever between Russia and the United States unless one observes the geography of these countries. It is precisely this geographical similarity which proves to be the main point in the argument for the very interesting book under review.

Mr. Fletcher has made a very praiseworthy attempt to write a study in historical psychology, a type of literature that is still in its infancy. But the subject of this study proves to be an ungrateful one and the conclusions of the author are very doubtful. One feels how Spengler has influenced the ideas of the author who believes in the decline of western civilization: "Europe lay as a land-bridge between Russia and America. But this land-bridge, as a unified civilization, had already passed its maximum, and was headed for decline." Another Germanic thinker has also left his imprint on the work. Nietzsche's saying about the strong personalities of history is put as a motto to the first part of the book. It seems, however, that if only strong personalities can endure history, while the weak are crushed beneath it, it is nevertheless the weak that make history.

The book is divided into four parts. The first part compares the historical development of the two countries; the second treats the question of race and nationality, often confusing the two terms; the third part draws parallels between American and Russian literature; and the fourth serves for the author's conclusions. The historical background is fairly well treated although one feels that the author is not familiar with the extensive historical literature on both countries. For instance in his bibliography he cites only A History of Russia by Sir Bernard Pares and The Oxford History of the United States by S. E. Morison. There are also some inaccuracies of facts. The Varangians in Russia established their capital not in Kieff but in Novgorod. Emperor Alexander I of Russia succeeded to the throne not in 1794 but in 1801. In the comparison of literatures the author expresses a series of judgments on Russian authors that no Russian would accept, as, for instance, saying that Tolstoy's What Is Art? and his later polemics are the most important of his works. The author compares Tolstoy to Whitman and says: "Both turned away from an elaborate and complex culture to the simplest native elements they could find; in Whitman the dock laborers, stage drivers, longshoremen and common workmen, and in Tolstoy the shrewd and simple Kutuzov, the Cossack bandit, the peasant saint." If one wants to find a comparison in Russian literature with Whitman one should take Gorky, but then it will not fit with the author's plan, because they were not contemporaries. The same criticism can be applied to other parellels of Mr. Fletcher: Irving and Pushkin, Mark Twain and Lieskov, Hawthorne and Gogol, William James and Soloviev, Henry James and Tourgeniev, Melville and Dostoievsky. Then again there is an inaccuracy: The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy is not by S. Ignatiev but by N. Ognyov.

As for the conclusion the author sees a danger in the further development of Bolshevism taking hold of Asia; and of Americanism taking hold of Europe. In his belief these two forces will come to a clash, an open war, which will ruin mankind. "Against these two attempts to impose on mankind a purely mechanical and material conformity, we must uphold, perhaps

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for the last time, the values of an ideal and supraphysical unity of spirit, not of function, of a humanism that is at once scientific and aesthetic, and of a world outlook that reconciles both man's desire to achieve 'the good life' for himself on this planet, and his overwhelming sense of awe and wonder at the superhuman processes of the universe."

While not agreeing with the author's prophecy as to an imminent war between the two materialistic forces, one can but subscribe fully to his appeal for a more spiritual outlook.

LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY.

Christ and Scholarship

Le Christ Jésus: Son Existence Historique et Sa Divinité, par M. Lepin. Paris: Bloud et Gay. 36 francs.

THE subject of this book stands vitally alone in world history. Even non-Christian and anti-Christian thinkers feel in no ordinary way the wholly unmatched influence of a personage indeed little known in His own day, yet now hailed with love or with hate wherever modern men touch Judaeo-Greek thought. Christ's importance is rarely denied. What does often rise in our world, and readily too, is the twentieth-century version of "What manner of man is this?" A genius like Plato, a prophet like Moses and Isaiah? Is anything further probable, possible, thinkable? In all such questions, scholars have as a rule gladly admitted the substantial truth of Christ's historical existence, though they have not universally done so.

Father Lepin finds need to begin at the beginning. With the essential problem of the real, earthly existence of Jesus of Nazareth he concerns himself in the first lengthy section of his book. Someone may object that there is no use taking such a running start before plunging in medias res. Were this person aware of the claims made by M. Couchoud (Le Mystère de Jésus, 1924) he would soon be convinced that the author's time is not frittered away charging windmills. For M. Couchoud holds that Christianity (and a fortiori, Christ) is no more nor less than a myth-religion with no historical character as its basis. Christianity, in M. Couchoud's view, does not stand on rock, not even the modernist crumbly substitute of a man idealized; on the contrary, to M. Couchoud, the reason accounting for Christianity lies in God humanized—but not really so in a historical person. With this essential question Father Lepin quite effectively deals, using argument drawn from sources by no means suspect of traditional leanings, quoting men like Strauss, Renan and Loisy, and their conviction of the substantially historical character of documents such as the Gospel of Saint Mark and the Epistles of Saint Paul.

Briefly summing up the Messiahship of Jesus in a condensed second part, and passing on to his third general division, Father Lepin swings into the chief question taken up in this volume. It is that of Christ's Divine Sonship, His Godhead. The divinity of Christ was proclaimed by Saint Paul; and it was hailed by His immediate disciples, as can be easily seen from the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistle to the Hebrews and the writings of Saint John. Nor was Jesus merely acknowledged Son of God; He Himself made the same claim. The fourth Gospel and the synoptics clearly bring out Christ's declarations concerning His own nature. These considerations naturally and inevitably lead to the proposition that Jesus is truly the Son of God. How so? By linking the written testimony of Christ's claims and of the belief of those close to Him with His general character, His doctrine, His miracles, particularly that of the Resurrection and the moral miracle of Saint Paul's conversion. To these join the fact of Christianity and the fact

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of the Church. Of the former, the expanding Christian fact in a saturated pagandom, one may well say with a recent writer in Life and Letters that "we are still left . . . face to face with the real miracle of its [the Roman world's] conquest by Christ." Father Lepin concludes his whole book with something more than an invitation: "L'homme peut croire à l'amour, et se livrer à l'embrassement divin."

The general tone of this work is excellent; no vain oratory, no touchy abuse. Indeed, the weakness of the book may lie just here and in that too little play is ordinarily given to the feeling in the argument. For him then who expects the élan of a Papini, there waits disappointment. This is a scholarly volume, though not in the sense of an unreadable one. Its calmness, judiciousness and fairness will certainly impress every discerning reader. In these qualities Father Lepin resembles his more literary contemporary, the late Father Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J., though Father Lepin's present work is cut on straiter lines than the two-volume amplitude of the author of Jésus Christ. While Father de Grandmaison considers the personality, message and proofs of Christ, Father Lepin limits himself to three narrower questions, to one of them but hurriedly at that: the historical existence of Jesus, His Messiahship, His Divine Sonship. The author's very skilful and even-tempered treatment of the essential problems of Christ's historical existence and of the proofs for His Godhead deserves a distinguished public. Any reader of French would do well to own and to master Father Lepin's Le Christ Jésus.

JOHN L. BAZINET.

A Slavic Napoleon

The Life of Napoleon, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky; translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

MR. MEREZHKOVSKY is a very great Russian writer, and the subject he has chosen for his last book is a great subject, one which will never cease to interest the world. It is therefore to be regretted that he did not use the material he had at his disposal in a more interesting and, if I may be allowed to say the word, more human way. Napoleon is so immense a historical figure that the best way to handle him is with complete simplicity, allowing facts to speak for themselves, without attempting to explain them with a flow of eloquence, and a quantity of useless words. Other authors, among them the late Lord Rosebery, have grasped this essential fact, and as a consequence their books will live long after Mr. Merezhkovsky's has been forgotten. They have understood that Napoleon cannot be explained, and must only be accepted. They have realized that his psychology was unique, at least in some of its aspects, and they have neither attempted to make a god out of him nor to paint him as a hardened criminal.

Mr. Merezhkovsky on the contrary has applied to his description of Napoleon the Slav psychology of other people's souls, which says so much in regard to the personages described, and yet tells so little. He wants all through his work to make out of Napoleon a superman, forgetting that he was one who did not need canonization in the lay sense of that word. Other famous individuals have everything to gain by a vigorous attempt on the part of their biographers to explain their greatness to others, but Caesar and Napoleon do not require it. The very way in which the book is planned is pretentious, and jars on one's sense of fitness. Dividing it into seven chapters called Dawn, Sunrise, Noon, Eventide, Sunset, and Night, reminds one of a sensational novel, and belittles the personality that

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ought to fill its pages without any recourse to theatrical advertising.

The entire volume is pervaded with this quest after effect, and filled with phrases meant to be very clever, but which only lessen the dignity that ought to have been its leit motif. I will quote but one to show what it is I have in mind. Merezhkovsky writes about Napoleon landing in Toulon on June 13, 1793: "Henceforward he is a man without a fatherland: Corsica ceased to be that for him; and France never became one. Out of the fatherland he was now born into the universe." Somehow I do not think that the great emperor himself would ever have accepted such a judgment or subscribed to it, he whose aim throughout his life was the greatness of the country to which he was so proud to belong.

Apart from all this, the volume is not an easy one to read, and must often be laid down before it can be digested. I thought at first this might be the fault of the translator, but after having perused the Russian edition I came to the conclusion that the English one, far from accentuating the defects of the book, has on the contrary improved it immensely, and made it far more intelligible.

As for his conception of the character and personality of Napoleon it is far too Slavic to be real, and he looks at the emperor entirely too much from the point of view of the Russians who after having burned Moscow, imagined they had destroyed the conqueror whose horses' hoofs had defiled it. An illusion if there ever was one, but Napoleon also had illusions, and this book which deals with him and his life would have gained in merit, if it had mentioned them kindly and sadly. Lack of respect is Mr. Merezhkovsky's greatest failing in his conception of Napoleon, and one can only regret such is the case, because great men like great things must only be spoken of and written about with reverence, and awe, not with theatrical pomp combined with spite.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Man and the Group

Individuality and Social Restraint, by George Ross Wells. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

WHILE problems of adjustment of the individual to social organization must arise, they become particularly acute when the restrictions upon the individual are unnecessarily harsh and the attempts to modify his habits are unduly multiplied. That we have reached such a point today, is the belief of Professor George Ross Wells. The problem is succinctly stated, but no solution offered, though an attempt is made to evaluate the various forms of alleviation. A real solution, the author believes, can come only by reflection and application of experimental methods.

The first seven chapters of the book deal with the nature of the individual. The basis of the individual's psychology is the "stimulus-response mechanism" so much in vogue. While the terms of the neurologist may be used in describing the simpler movements of the organism, the author happily recognizes that their use is not justified in the present state of science, when speaking of the higher activities. Hence he makes use of the term "consciousness" in the absence of a behavioristic term adequate to describe the phenomenon.

In referring to the extended use of the term "instinct," the author notes that such usage is "an example of a widespread fallacy which consists in believing that to give a name to anything is tantamount to explaining it." This trite observation is equally applicable to the author's adoption of Watson's phrase

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"hereditary reaction pattern," which adds nothing by way of explanation.

The second half of the book is devoted to groups, their information and relations to the individual. The Christian Church, the author tells us, began with a group of humble persons, including many slaves. "Having no personal prominence in this life, they asserted the reality of another life where their aspirations should become reality and the meek shall inherit the earth." The group was strengthened by "the attractive nature of the promises made concerning the future life and its pleasures [which] appealed to countless thousands of unsuccessful and despondent persons." It is unnecessary to comment on the astounding naïveté which the author displays here. Let us merely recall the fact that the group of early Christians included many of the patrician class besides the humble, and likewise attracted the intellectual. Further, Christianity stressed the value and importance of the individual in contrast to class and the state, a point which one would expect to see recognized in a book purporting to defend the "rights" of the individual.

The most menacing groups, says the author, "are the Catholics and so-called fundamentalists, particularly in their gaze toward the past and their finding authority there."

Obviously the conservatism of the Catholic Church would be regarded as a menace by those who would relax the marriage contract on the basis of experiment. And apart from the unenthusiastic admission that religion "must be credited with being a source of far more good than harm," the author shows little appreciation of the rôle the Catholic Church has played and is playing in inspiring and preserving whatever we have that is beautiful and noble in civilization.

CORNELIUS J. CONNOLLY.

An Actable Religious Play

Barter, by Urban Nagle. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $.75.

URBAN NAGLE'S drama, Barter, the winning biblical play of the 1928 Drama League—Longmans, Green and Company Playwriting Contest—is far superior to the play, Pharaoh's Daughter, which won the 1927 contest. Happily, it appeals directly to our Christian sentiments by using a New Testament rather than an Old Testament theme. Its core is the Passion of Christ, which is projected to the stage indirectly through the shouts of the mob, as in Benson's The Upper Room. The actual plot is built of a cabal in the house of Jobal, a crafty member of the Jewish Sanhedrin in Jerusalem. The Passion is at first only incidental to a love intrigue between Jobal's daughter and a young Roman officer, but as the play progresses the love story is deftly woven into the betrayal by Judas, the trial before Pilate, and the Crucifixion. The craftsmanship is good, and the author has chosen wisely in carrying the dialogue in elevated, dignified prose instead of blank verse. Also commendable is the precision of all historical details.

Until the latter part of the play the author successfully avoids oversentiment, but when at the end he tries to convince us of the sincerity of the two lovers (to neither of whom has Christ been much more than a myth right up to the time of the action) in passionately desiring to substitute their own deaths for Christ's, his own admirable feelings get the better of him and he forces his characters into unlifelike attitudinizing. At the end the girl even dies in the arms of her lover, from no very clear cause except sympathy for Christ. I do not want to appear ungenerous toward the play, for I like it in many ways and believe it should be widely produced in schools and colleges;

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Sacred Literature

The series of lectures on Sacred Art at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music will be continued on March 28, by Rev. Cornelius Clifford, S.J., who will discuss Sacred Literature. Having lectured on St. Thomas of Aquin and The Problem of Western Mysticism on March 14, he has chosen The Significance of John Duns Scot as his second subject.

Author, educator and lecturer, Father Clifford has devoted a lifetime to the study and teaching of the classics. At Innsbruck, Louvain and St. Bruno's while training for the priesthood, he was also laying the foundation for his future literary work. His books, which include Introibo, The Burden of the Time, Studies in the Development of Catholicism, evidence his profound knowledge of the subject which he has chosen in the series. Nor has his recognition been confined to the Catholic Church for he has been for many years a member of the post-graduate faculty of Columbia University.

Future lectures will be given by Bancel La Farge on Sacred Painting.

All lectures are held in Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue, at 4.00 P.M. on the dates scheduled.

Tickets for each lecture, $2.00

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nevertheless I doubt the wisdom of getting us interested in a love story and then—however artfully—trying to shift our interest offstage to the Passion. Perhaps when played the swift action will more than counterbalance this weakness of shifting emphasis.

In any case it is gratifying to find a Catholic (the author is a Dominican brother) turning out an imaginative and actable religious play that will appeal to all Christians. Such work should point the way for many talented playwrights on religious themes who in the past have fallen prey to unnatural blank verse, trite character types and unregulated emotion. As Mrs. Best indicates in the introduction to this play, recent church drama has been notoriously restricted and childish; the solution is "better writing and a more virile and modern attack."

HARRY MCGUIRE.

The Local Theatre

Footlights across America, by Kenneth McGowan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

BEYOND the studious research and reportorial diligence displayed in this book there is little to recommend it. It is a grimly statistical survey of the local theatre in America consisting almost entirely of a cataloguing of financial statements and the minutiae of little theatre organization. The duller but nevertheless essential portions of the book are sandwiched between a fairly interesting résumé of the evolution of the little theatre movement and some stimulating constructive theorizing on the possibilities and advantages of national co-operation with little theatres.

Doubtless, Mr. McGowan's report will be of considerable value to any one who contemplates establishing a local theatre or who is baffled by the complexities of conducting one; his advice is sound and his statistics are informative. But for the ordinary reader interested primarily in the broader aspects of the theatre such a census can do little more than indicate the extent and achievements of a movement toward which, unfortunately, public attention is too seldom directed.

Footlights across America will have to content itself with a very limited public. The bulk of its readers will be specialists either in sociology or in community theatre organization.

J. J. SWEENEY.

A Life of Bell

Alexander Graham Bell, by Catherine Mackenzie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THE travail involved in the perfection of Bell's great gift to mankind is described here in great detail. Through the 147 pages devoted to these years of his life, the interest is heightened by the encounter of the obscure instructor from Boston University with many of the great men of his day.

During his declining years, in the absence of the Edison-Ford-Firestone junket, Bell spent his time and money very enjoyably in attempting air flight. While he had some success with his kites, he was unable, lacking scientific or engineering skill, to get one to fly before the Wright brothers had succeeded in developing an engine-driven machine.

The author has made a fairly readable book out of unpromising material. It is regrettable that she omitted the economic effects of the telephone. For example, how many business men owe their success to the fact that they come upon their prey unawares and unseen?

GEORGE K. MCCABE.

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Briefer Mention

The Veiled Door, by Caroline Giltinan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

TRUE lyricism is here on many a page: not in the frenzies of a school which, for a decade past, screamed in immeasurable quantities over psychoanalyzed shallows—those modernists, like Regan and Goneril of the play, full of clamorous protests, and not like Cordelia in character and eloquence: "What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent." It is this restraint, a genuine quality of every true artist, that predominates in Miss Giltinan's fine temper for song, and guides her achievement of gentle ecstasy. Some, alas, may mistake the facility and exactitude of her lyrics for limitation in profound emotions and in the force of note; but the appropriate reader will recognize the depths of a cloistered heart in chanting the dramas of home and home, of love and love, pro aris et focis, which are the assured circumference of all great poetry, pagan or Christian. One has to be baptized and confirmed in the longings and assurances which begin and terminate the little lyrics of this volume to evaluate their authenticity and adequateness.

The Pageant of America: The American Stage, by Oral Sumner Coad and Edwin Mims, jr. New Haven: Yale University Press.

WE HAVE said frequently that The Pageant of America is one of the most remarkable among current endeavors in the field of popular publishing. This statement must now be reinforced with a hearty recommendation of The American Stage, which is unpretentious and yet easily the best general survey of our national theatrical history. The present reviewer has unearthed no errors of importance in the narrative, though he tried honestly to do so. Almost everything of historical interest has been chronicled by the authors, whose tact and discrimination are uniformly admirable. The illustrative material is remarkable for range and pertinence. While it draws heavily upon the great Davis, Moses and Fridenberg collections, it has utilized many other scattered deposits. It is enough to say that this is one of the best books in a genuinely fine series, a boon to libraries and a joy unto the reader.

Visit India with Me, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.50.

THIS is the kind of book that one would expect Dr. Aziz, the hero of E. M. Forster's A Passage to India, to write. All the qualities of the native of India which Mr. Forster stressed are to be observed in the writing of Visit India with Me. It reveals the curious cross-currents set up in the Oriental who is striving to adjust himself to occidental habits and ideas. Through it, a better understanding can be had of India and her inhabitants than through ten Mother Indias. It is not a book of travel nor one of mores, but a mixture of the two.

Menander: Three Plays; translated by L. A. Post. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE latest volume in the Broadway Translations contains those comedies of the illustrious Greek dramatist which have best escaped the ravages of time. Possibly The Girl from Samos is the most interesting. The Arbitration seems most definitely modern, and what is extant of The Shearing of Glycera strikes one as most sprightly. None is suited to the delicate ear. Mr. Post's versions are the best the present reviewer has seen, and his comment is uniformly lucid and discriminating.

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—CARDINAL MANNING

Matter, Life and Value, by C. E. M. Joad. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.00.

MR. JOAD is certainly one of the most interesting among newer British philosophers who work in a spirit of trying to effect a synthesis. His present book aims to establish a metaphysic based upon the presence, in a single universe, of three "distinct and in some sense autonomous real"—matter, life and value. The best part of the argument is the defense of vitalism, really an essay in constructive criticism. This section can be read to good advantage by all realistic thinkers. Mr. Joad's analysis of value as a "real" is, however, open to investigation. It reposes upon so firm a confidence in evolution, it tends so enthusiastically toward a somewhat confused mystical idealism, that one follows it with far more of caution than of assent. Viewed as a whole, the book is an intelligent though relatively eclectic plaidoyer for pluralism.

The Life of Solomon, by Edmond Fleg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

MR. FLEG himself describes this book when he says that Solomon appears here "as a Faust, at once Hebraic and universal, in whom life, as it widens and increases, at length sums up the whole of human experience." For his Solomon is at various times prince and beggar, sage and fool, libertine, penitent and prophet, legend having furnished Mr. Fleg with as much, if not more, material than the Bible. Yet the figure which results is a true, if considerably enriched, reproduction of the Scriptural character. It may not be biography so far as the outward circumstances of the great king's life are concerned, but it qualifies as a poetic record of his inner development.

Spangles, by Joseph J. Quinn. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.50.

THERE is excellent material in this book for numerous short stories but unfortunately Mr. Quinn has seen it from the perspective of front-page accounts, not literature. The result becomes, in consequence, curiously like the first drafts from which the artist-writer commences to mold and shape his ideas. Everywhere there is evidence that Mr. Quinn possesses the ability to have done a splendid job and everywhere there are stretches of delightful descriptive writing. Occasionally, as in Ask the Man Who Owes One, Mr. Quinn reverts to satirical humor, a vein in which he achieves his best work.

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